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THE BROWNS ARE CHAMPS!

Cleveland Quarterback Frank Ryan calmly dominated the Baltimore defense





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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1964 ends with the New Year's Day bowl. SI's football staff, headed by John Underwood, Dan Jenkins and Tom C. Brody, reports on the day's best games.

LAST LOOK at the top basketball teams before conference races start comes in the holiday tournaments. A report on the two biggest and best, from Los Angeles and New York.

SPORTSMAN SCION of a supposedly old-rich family, Texas' John McCombs Jr. tries to build the best racing sports car and create his own unique animal kingdom. By Jack Olsen.

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The cover at left is one you will never see on *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but it might well have appeared in place of this week's action photograph from the NFL playoff. A standby, it was ready for the presses in the perfectly possible event that weather grounded the plane we had chartered to take film of Sunday's game from Cleveland to our printing facilities in Chicago. A delay of 30 minutes anywhere en route would have forced us to use the standby. There was, obviously, no delay, so the standby cover now joins a number of similar collector's items, including those below.



ARNOLD PALMER first fell into the discard in 1962 when he told Jack Nicklaus in the U.S. Open at Oakmont. Deadlines made it necessary to engrave an action shot of both Nicklaus and Palmer, and then wait to see who won. Palmer didn't.



POOR ARNIE swung for naught again in 1963 under much the same circumstances. Once more the U.S. Open ended in a 10-11 this time a three-way deadlock. Palmer and Jacky Cupit became never-rans, while winner Julius Boros made the cover.



THE PHILLIES were a catch to win the 1964 National League pennant, and a World Series preview cover of Jim Bunning was prepared. But big leads can always be blown, so Illinois first baseman Dick Butkus was also ready to run, and run he did.



PRO FOOTBALL powered double trouble last month when the Cardinals played an important game against the Browns. A black-and-white action photograph was scheduled for the cover (and ran), but a standby had to meet two requirements. It had to be four-color. All standbys are—and it had to show a star of the winning team in action. Clearly, two standbys were needed. They are above. Charley Johnson starting a play and Jerry Brown diving into the line, both at earlier games.



SCORECARD

THE STATE AS BOOKIE

The recent success of New Hampshire's state racing lottery and the probable immensity of action by the New York State legislature on an off-track betting bill suggest that a national trend toward legalized gambling, on a broader scale than now obtains, may be in the offing. A heated debate on the moral, social and practical issues is developing, and we would like to give our opinion on some of these.

Moral attitudes toward gambling are very like those toward drinking. A puritan ethic shrinks from both. Other ethics accept or even embrace them. Most of the bigger states authorize (and profit from) gambling in some form, usually by pari-mutuel betting at racetracks. So far as the states are concerned, the question would seem to be more a problem in politics than morality. From a political standpoint, the off-track betting proposals derive from a dire need for tax money, nothing more.

But state-operated betting shops might well create a serious sociological problem. They would, it is suggested, make gambling temptingly easy for the so-called economically underprivileged who now perhaps find only rare opportunity to bet at a track or with an illegal bookmaker. This would seem to be a particularly valid argument in a city with large slum areas or one that has as high a percentage of its population on relief (5%+) as New York.

Except that the poor do bet now anyhow. And quite easily. The most lucrative of the gambling rackets, policy, derives its millions from the pennies of the very lowest economic class. Whether the slum dweller would bet more if betting shops were open to him is a question. Certainly the prohibition of liquor did not diminish drinking appreciably in the slums, nor did repeal increase it.

Some people find it appalling that city and state should turn themselves into bookies—but they are already that, by virtue of the cut they take out of the mutuels; with legal off-track betting, they would merely become bigger book-

ies. On the other side, it is argued that off-track betting would divert into constructive channels money now going to illegal bookmakers. A naive thought. Most of the bookies' action is on the numbers game (which would be affected by a legal lottery), football, baseball and basketball—not horses. Furthermore, bookies could compete with the administration by offering, say, 5% over the official odds, bookies, not as greedy as politicians, would be happy to settle for a 10% cut instead of 15 or more.

Our direct concern is with the welfare of the sport of horse racing. Horsemen in Thoroughbred and harness racing are violently opposed to off-track betting, but we predict their opposition will melt if they can gouge out of city and state a bigger share of the spoils. Money is what this particular issue boils down to—money for the state and money for the horsemen. We would feel far more sympathy with the latter if in the past they had shown equal concern for the integrity of their sport. As for us, our favor or disfavor with respect to off-track betting will be determined when a specific bill is presented for a vote and we then may judge how it will affect horse racing itself.

CHALLENGE FROM THE EAST

As recently as 1946 there was hardly a hockey player to be found in all of the U.S.S.R. Now there are 300,000, and a team drawn from these has been embarrassing Canadians at their national sport. The Russians have beaten or tied all opponents on their just-completed tour, among them the Montreal Junior Canadiens, bolstered with professionals, and Canada's National team, which the Russians beat three times.

After seeing Montreal go down to a 3-2 defeat, Lynn Patrick, general manager of the Boston Bruins, had this to say: "The Russians didn't go off-side once, and they lost the puck on a bad pass just once. I wish I could say the same about my own club."

Viktor Kuznetsov, Russian manager, challenged the National Hockey League to a game, but Clarence S. Campbell,

NHL president, pool-pooled the idea, holding in effect that such a game would be no contest. Perhaps, but there are those, observing the Russians' deft puck control and elaborate pass patterns, who think otherwise.

"It is a matter of biology," Anatoli Tarasov, Russian coach, said of the NHL pros. "It is like when a tree stands by itself. It gets lonely and dries out. So with your pros. They have no opponents, so they get no stronger. One of your good pro teams should meet a good amateur team and establish who is better."

Why not, Mr. Campbell?

LABORATORY GOLF

If the British cannot win the Walker Cup or Ryder Cup, they may nevertheless be able to tell their betters a thing or two about the game. At a cost of some \$30,000 annually, the Golf Society of Great Britain is sponsoring an investigation into golf that has already produced results shatteringly painful for golfers to stomach.

Messed behind the project are such centers of scientific renown as the Royal Military College of Science, the Medical Research Council, the Loughborough College of Technology and University College, London. Studying golfers in play and experimenting with clubs up to five feet long, they have reached some early conclusions:

1) Grooves on club heads make practically no difference to spin or direction. Indeed, clubs with smooth faces may produce more distance and accuracy.

2) The type of grip on the club is of more importance psychologically than physically.

3) Hands and arms supply very little hitting power. Most of it comes from the legs and hips.

4) The hitting power is equal to about 4 hp. Maximum acceleration during the swing is about 75 times gravity, or seven times that of a rocket launching a space satellite, but most of it is wasted.

HIPOSTES

Its faculty representatives have yet to give their approval, but it is probable that the Big Eight will soon join the Big Ten and other major conferences in trying to protect college interests against the inroads of booming professional football. A conference committee has brought in a report with recommendations to that end.

If the recommendations are adopted professional sports will no longer have

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SCORECARD continued

the run of press boxes; they will pay their money at the box office and take whatever seats are available. Radio and television announcers will be instructed to use time-outs, half time and post-game periods to boost the college game. Interviews with pro scouts and coaches will be forbidden, as will, of course, plugs for coming pro games.

DAMPER

Six ardent boosters of the Livermore Falls (Me.) High School basketball team, feeling that school spirit was low and needed a pep pill, decided to dribble a couple of basketballs the 22 miles between their town and Farmington, where the team was to play. In freezing rain it was no easy job. Weary, wet, chilled and dedicated, the six arrived at the Farmington gym, there to learn that the game had been postponed—because of adverse traveling conditions.

BIKEWAYS

The physical fitness drive that President Kennedy inspired has by no means lost its momentum. Among the more unusual ideas for carrying on the good work is one from Congressman Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin. Reuss notes that in the last six years railroad operations have ceased on 8,200 miles of right-of-way and that a total of 40,000 miles have been abandoned since the heyday of railroading. A good bit of this land, he says, is available for development as cycling paths at very modest cost.

It strikes us as a sound idea and, as a matter of fact, private groups, state and local governments have already gone to work on it in Wisconsin, Illinois and Maryland. There cyclists will have safe paths away from automobile traffic, often through country of unusual natural interest, as the Congressman points out. Pedal pushers of the world, arise.

PRESENT FROM THE SKAGIT

Christmas morning on Washington's Skagit River, world's finest steelhead stream, dawned clear, snowy, 17°. To a steelheader at this season, the state of the river is even more important than Christmas. So the anglers came to check, gathering in chilled little knots at the Burlington Bridge Bar, Storm's Bar, Young's Bar and the Tarheel Hole, and all hands found the river aswarm with giant silver fish moving upstream on their annual spawning run.

Among them was Joe Oldani, Bellingham telegrapher, who took the limit early and set out for the homes of his friends. Into the freezers went the friends' turkeys. The changed menus: eggnog, cranberry sauce, mince pie and whole roasted steelhead.

THE WELL-SECURED ATHLETE

To win drafties, the Dallas Cowboys have come up with a sort of kick-off-to-grave security policy. In signing Malcolm Walker of Rice, No. 2 draft choice, as a linebacker, the Cowboys gave him \$5,000 in cash, a 1985 automobile and a four-year, no-cut contract with a guaranteed annual \$1,000 raise going from \$16,000 to \$19,000.

Well and good. Then came the whopper. The Cowboys put \$80,000 in a bank to work for Walker. He can never touch the principal, and he will not begin to collect the interest for 10 years. A Dallas actuary has estimated that in 17 years Walker will be getting \$800 a month from the money.

MUNITION MAKER'S DELIGHT

North America's dove population, even though 3 million are shot in Florida alone each year, is the highest it has ever been, according to Dr. Earl Frye, assistant director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. And, curiously, automation has something to do with it. The mechanical grain harvesters now in use—"combines"—are made to order for doves. They leave so much waste grain on the ground that the birds thrive and grow fat.

It takes 21 million shots to kill those 3 million doves, Dr. Frye estimates on the basis of an informal survey which disclosed that it requires an average of seven shots to bring down one elusive dove. And that also helps account for the fact that there are so many of them.

THEY SAID IT

• Fritz Meyer, 5-foot-10, 160-pound guard on the University of Cincinnati basketball team, on why his teammates carried him off the floor after the team's 76-62 victory over Kansas: "I was the lightest."

• Tim Mara, New York Giant owner, trying to sign Michigan Quarterback Bob Timberlake, whose goal is the Presbyterian ministry: "We owners are Catholics; our coach, Al Sherman, is Jewish; our head coach, Eli Tunnell, is a Negro. All we need, Bob, is a Presbyterian minister for quarterback."

END



Came the revolution

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UPSET OF THE MIGHTY

Reeling into position for the last of his three touchdown catches, Cleveland Flanker Gary Collins (88) jostles with Colt defender Bob Boyd as



On a blustery day in Cleveland the underdog Browns stunned Baltimore with a second-half outburst to win the NFL title. Key men in the

coup were a cerebral quarterback, a big flanker with sticky hands, the great Jimmy Brown and some remarkable—for Cleveland—defenders

CONTINUED

Cleveland's Tom Hutchison (87) moves in, Collins outwrestles Boyd for Frank Ryan's long pass and winds up in the arms of Jaycox fans.



MIXTURE OF MIND, MUSCLE, MATURITY

by **TEX MAULE**

Franks Ryan (*see cover*) is a tall, slender man with the ascetic face of a Catholic priest, prematurely graying hair and, at last, the cool, quick mind of a great quarterback. Last Sunday afternoon in Cleveland he engineered one of the biggest of all football upsets, and in that improbable destruction of the Baltimore Colts, by the implausible score of 27-0, his choice of plays was both flawless and daring. He used the incomparable running talents of Jimmy Brown with maximum effectiveness. With his quick right arm he sailed three long and lovely touchdown passes to Flanker Gary Collins, the third of Cleveland's triumvirate of particular stars.

But these were not the only heroes in Cleveland's vault to the National Football League championship. This was an afternoon in which young people like Jim Kanicki matured and old folks like Lou Groza had all their ancient skills, a day when Dick Modzelewski saw the winning spirit he had tried to instill busting out all over and the Browns' good,

gray coach, Blanton Collier, eliminated the last traces of any lingering yearning for Cleveland's good, volcanic ex-coach, Paul Brown.

"I think that today I grew up," said Kanicki, the Cleveland tackle who looks very much like an enormous baby with soft pink cheeks and what looks like baby fat still left on his 270-pound body. "I found out how to play this game."

Kanicki did grow up on this cold, blustery afternoon, but so did Ryan. For Kanicki maturity came early in his career. For Ryan it was slow and late, as it almost always is for quarterbacks.

It was a bizarre game. Baltimore came to Cleveland as one of the finest offensive teams ever to win a divisional championship and left without having scored a point on the worst defense in the league. Baltimore's own defense had given up fewer points than any other club in the league over the season, and one of its real strengths was its ability to put crippling pressure on the opponent's passer. Yet on Sunday afternoon the Baltimore defense made three mental errors, each of which proved expensive, and never

did it put enough pressure on Ryan to disturb him.

The Cleveland defense, on the other hand, had been barely adequate all year long. But for this game, Cleveland became one of the great defensive teams of championship game history.

"Were we tall enough out there today?" asked Bernie Parrish, the left corner back, after the game. "We won five in a row early in the season, and no one thought we were short. Then we lost some games, and I began to feel like a midget because people started to write that the Brown secondary was too short. We grew a few inches this afternoon."

Parrish directed the coverage in the Brown secondary against the Baltimore passing attack; the basic defense was culled from the sideline by the defensive coaches. It was a daring defense.

"We crowded them," said Nick Skorich, who, with Howard Brinker and Eddie Ulinski, coaches the Cleveland defensive team. "Especially when they were throwing into the wind and we knew that they could not throw long. We knew that the Colt pass patterns are built on precision and timing. We knew that if you take away the first receiver and force Johnny Unitas to go to a second or third you are forcing them out of a pattern, and, too, if you cover Jimmy Orr and Raymond Berry tight up close you force them to change their cuts and patterns and you take away the timing and the precision. So we did this. We took away Unitas' first target. Then he had to hesitate and look again for another target, and that gave the rush time to reach him. And we got a strong rush inside, so he couldn't duck away from the rush from the ends and still find freedom to throw the ball."

The strong inside rush came from young Kanicki and a veteran who may be the true key to the Browns' championship. Dick Modzelewski was traded to the Browns from the Giants. He is a squat, barrel-necked defensive tackle who has been in the league 12 years and, as much as any one player, he changed Cleveland from a group of individuals into a unit.

Dick Schafnath, the big offensive tack-

Long arm of Cleveland Linebacker Vicca Costello reaches out for Colts' Lenny Moore.



le, said, "Maybe it was Mo who did the whole thing. I remember when he was traded to us he said, 'You have all the talent you need to win a championship, but you don't really believe you can do it.' He said he thought we could win it. And he made us believe it."

Modzelewski contributed more. "He taught me an awful lot," said Kanicki. "I came into this league as green as you can get. I was too aggressive all the time, but too aggressive especially at the wrong time. Maybe it would be first and 10 and I would fire out as hard as I could go to rush the passer. Well, most clubs don't throw on first and 10, and I was getting trapped. Like in the first Pittsburgh game when John Henry Johnson gained 200 yards on us and maybe most of them right over me. But Mo and Blanton Collier worked with me and taught me to read blocks, and I finally learned not to be suckered. All the time out there today Mo talked to me, like he has all season. He'd say, this time put on the big rush. Or look for the run. Little things. I was scared to death before the game, me playing head on Jim Parker, maybe the best blocking lineman in the league. But we crowded him and pushed him, and we figured that if I would hand right instead of firing out I could do better. It worked pretty well."

It worked so well that Unitas, who likes to duck inside the rush from ends and throw from deep in a pocket, never had a pocket all afternoon. When he stepped in, away from the outside rush from Bill Glass and Paul Wiggins, the pocket was so shallow because of the pressure from Modzelewski and Kanicki that Unitas was either forced to throw quickly or was tackled.

For a half, it was a spectacularly dull game. Neither team seemed willing to gamble for a long gain; Unitas and Ryan played with all the flair of a pair of elderly clubwomen in a Sunday afternoon croquet match.

"That was not the way I wanted it to go," Unitas said later. "I wanted to go out and gun them down, but their defense didn't allow that. So I had to play it conservative. They shut off the bombs."

This, of course, was the Cleveland strategy. When Unitas had the 20-mile-an-hour wind at his back, the deep safeties played cautiously; when he was throwing into the wind—in the second



Powerful leg of Browns' punter Lou Groza, who booted nine points, is poised for kick.

and third quarters—they moved dangerously close to the line and took away his short targets. And the Browns, a team that seldom blitzes, blitzed more often in this game. The Colts are a right-handed team, as are most teams in the league, but they came out strong left more often than not in the first quarter, upsetting the Cleveland defense.

"It was kind of tough on me for a while," said Bill Glass, who is the defensive right end for the Browns. "I was getting double-teamed a lot—the tackle and the end both hocking on me. But they went away from that at last, and I got a chance to rush against one-on-one hocking. I was getting in because they went to a flood and couldn't keep any backs in to help stop me on the pass rush."

The Brown defense made almost no mistakes, certainly none that cost points; the Colt defense made three that cost them 14. After the rather feckless first

half in which neither team distinguished itself or established any trend, the Colts, who had lost the toss at the beginning of the game, now elected to receive. The Browns, in turn, chose to take the strong wind at their backs.

"The wind was a decisive factor in this game," said Blanton Collier. "We thought for a long time about whether we wanted it behind us in the fourth quarter. Most of the time you want the wind with you at the end of the game so you can rally if you have to. But I decided maybe we better take the wind while it was still blowing. If we gave it to the Colts—and neither team had scored by the half, remember—and they got hot, we might be out of the game by the time we got it in the fourth. So we decided to take the wind and it worked."

The Colts received the second half kickoff and could not move the ball against either the wind or the Brown defense. They were forced to punt from

continues

then from 23-yard line, and Tom Gilbring, a large offensive tackle, managed to kick the ball only 25 yards.

Now Cleveland had the ball on the Baltimore 48-yard line. The Colt defense held reasonably well, and Lou Groza, the oldest man in the league, kicked a 43-yard field goal with that blustery wind at his back.

His kickoff, again with the strong wind helping, sailed over the Baltimore end zone. The Colts started from their 20-yard line with the wind in their faces, and the Cleveland defense, playing the wind, pulled up tight to cut off short passes.

Unitas missed on one pass and was rushed too hard to throw a second. He got away a short screen to Tony Lorick, but Galen Ivis, the aging Cleveland linebacker, played the screen brilliantly and tackled Lorick after a short gain. Now the Colts, held deep in their own territory, had to punt into a small gale again.

It was not a bad punt. It died on the Cleveland 12-yard line. Then Ryan took advantage of a peculiar defect in the Baltimore defense. The Browns ran one play to the right from a conventional formation. Then they came out in a double wing, with Ernie Green set as a flanker to the left. The only man behind Ryan in the backfield was Jim Brown. The Colt linebacker on the left was cheated

the first half. It was very effective in the second half."

"They were playing the corner back way off the line," Ryan said. "Most clubs play the corner back up close when we come out in the double wing, figuring he can cross the line fast and force Jim Brown back and wide on the sweep until help gets there. But they were playing him deep, and when Jim turned the corner he was home free."

From the Baltimore 18-yard line Ryan made another brilliant call. On the previous play Brown's long run the Colts had been confused in their coverage, the corner back dropped off because he missed an audible signal called by the Colt defense, which would have stationed him up close. Now the Colts missed another audible defensive call. "This was probably the most important decision I had to make all afternoon," Ryan said later. "We had established tremendous momentum. The running was going; we had just gained 46 yards on a running play, and I was tempted to call another sweep. But maybe I would call a sweep into an outside blitz and they would drop Jim for a long loss. Then I thought maybe we can go inside, but if they pinched in and cut off the inside we wouldn't gain, and the momentum would go from us to them. I knew they had been playing Gary Collins for a hook pass all afternoon. I decided to call a hook-and-go to Collins, and when he went he was open."

Collins caught Ryan's hard pass, elevating the Baltimore end zone from his left to his right, and no one was near him.

"We couldn't hear our calls," said Bob Boyd, Baltimore's defensive left halfback. "We blew one on that play and we blew another one later. The guy who was supposed to take the middle deep took the outside."

The one they blew later was a very long pass to Collins, and it was successful because Jerry Logan of the Colts misread the Cleveland formation. He thought it was a strong right—a formation in which his zone coverage was sheet and outside.

When it was actually strong left. In a Cleveland strong-left formation Logan's coverage was deep and in the middle. When he left that area bereft of coverage, Collins broke into it, Ryan released one of the many beautifully accurate passes he threw that afternoon, with and against the wind, and it was a touchdown.

Cleveland scored on still another

Ryan-to-Collins pass, but it did not really make much difference. The Browns had proven, conclusively, that they were a better team than Baltimore. They had taken away the Baltimore weapons and reduced football's best quarterback to a hesitant, vulnerable passer who lost yardage making up his mind.

Ryan was tired and bloody after the game. On a late play, after the issue had been decided, he was hurried under a horde of Baltimore tacklers led by Gino Marchetti, who, at 37, is still the best defensive end in professional football. He

NEXT WEEK

I was one of triumph and disaster. That is how Coach Don Shula of the Baltimore Colts describes the wildly unavailing campaign of 1964. The first of a series.

in a little toward the middle, the defensive halfback opposite Green was playing six or seven yards behind the line.

The play was a quick pitchout to Brown, swinging to his left, and he swept around the pinched-in linebacker with three blockers in front of him. The halfback was too far back to come up and stop him before he gained momentum. He ran for 46 yards, down to the Baltimore 18-yard line.

"We didn't use that sweep much in the first half," Collier said after the game. "Maybe we were thinking too much. It had gained a lot of yards for us during the season, and we knew the Colts knew it. So we didn't go to it in



climbed wearily to his feet and walked slowly to the sideline, feeling his face, which had been damaged.

He had welts on his nose and cheek from that brutal tackle. "They didn't hurt me much," he said. "They came after me, but during the game I didn't see them coming. I knew what I wanted to do and I tried to do it. I think it worked pretty well."

It worked remarkably well. And the two men who made it work were very disparate personalities. One was an old tackle, traded away from a champion-

ship team with most of his championship spirit intact; the other was an intellectual, quiet quarterback who had never been a winner until this day.

"I don't know how we got Modzelewski," Collier said after the game. "I don't know how they could give him up. But we were lucky we got him."

In the steamy, noisy dressing room after the game Collier was surrounded by writers shouting at him for an explanation of how the Browns had won. He patiently explained the defense and the offense, his gloves steamed over and

his face intent and serious. Then Modzelewski came out of the showers and said, quietly, "Let me be, I'm wet and I'll get you wet," and the writers segregated and let him go through.

He did not get by Collier. Blanton embraced him, wet as he was.

"Thanks," he said to Mo. "Thanks."

"It was a good trade," Mo said. "I never had a better season."

No one ever did.

FOR THE STORY OF THE BUFFALO BILLS' FIRST AFL CHAMPIONSHIP, TURN PAGE

Perfectly complementing Ryan's passing game, Jim Brown swivels away on one of his outside sweeps, which the Colt defenses were unable to stop.



FOGGY FEAST FOR BUFFALO'S FAITHFUL

Football's most uninhibited home-towners finally had an occasion for dismantling goalposts as the Bills won their first AFL title, routing San Diego on the passes of Kemp and the smashes of Gilchrist **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

With a little more than eight minutes to play in the first quarter of the American Football League championship game in Buffalo last Saturday afternoon, San Diego's balding quarterback, Tobin Rote, called a pass from his own 34 and quickly retreated into the pocket to look downfield. On the previous play Rote, who had already thrown a touchdown pass for a sudden 7-0 lead over the Buffalo Bills, had aimed deep for Halfback Paul Lowe, but Buffalo Linebacker Mike Stratton had run 30 yards stride for stride with Lowe, as rhythmically as if the two of them were working up a vaudeville dance act, and had knocked away the ball that Rote had figured would bring another easy touchdown.

This time the Bills were in a different defense. Stratton, a grinning blond from Tennessee, was responsible for the area in San Diego's left flat. Watching Rote intently, he saw the 35-year veteran's eyes shift to his right, searching futilely for a downfield receiver, and then Stratton knew what to do. Without hesitating, he sprinted toward San Diego Fullback Keith Lincoln, who had drifted into the left flat as an alternate receiver.

Stratton's dash was perfectly timed. As the ball reached Lincoln, so did the 6-foot-3, 240-pound linebacker. Lincoln's arms were raised for the pass, leaving his chest and ribs vulnerable. Into that area crashed Stratton with a sound like a bull smashing into a *barriera*. The wind left Lincoln in an awful grunt. The ball skidded away. Stratton rolled over and loped back to the defensive huddle. But Lincoln, one of the toughest backs in the league, lay as if he had fallen out of a third-floor window.

"A thrill went up and down our bench," said Buffalo Assistant Coach Joel Collier. "We saw Lincoln down, and we knew we had them. The offen-

sive team, standing on the sideline, started shouting. We had a great lift. We knew we had them."

"Gosh, I didn't think I hit him that hard," Stratton said, ducking his head shyly. "I just saw him out there, and when Rote couldn't find a man open downfield I knew Lincoln was mine, and I went for him. One second sooner, it would have been interference. One second later, I would have missed him."

When Lincoln finally did rise, it was to limp to the dressing room with a broken rib. San Diego's magnificent flanker, Lance Alworth, had not even sauntered because of an injury to his left knee, and when Lincoln departed with half of the first quarter still to go, the Chargers had abruptly lost too much of their offense to do without.

The result was that after their first-quarter burst that produced a 7-0 lead, the Chargers could do nothing but watch as Buffalo methodically chipped away to win the AFL championship 20-7, in a game that ended as wildly as it had begun. And that ending was like something that had been choreographed by Genghis Khan. With half a minute still on the clock, thousands of the AFL's record championship crowd of 40,242 sloshed across the muddy sidelines and began to destroy the goalposts. The crossbars toppled with a few seconds remaining, and then hundreds of hands grabbed for Buffalo Quarterback Jack Kemp. They lifted him up and tossed him high above the delirious faces, and the Buffalo police charged to the rescue with nightsticks at order arms. "Don't hit them," Kemp yelled to the police in the high-pitched voice that sometimes makes him sound like Mickey Rooney. "Don't hurt these people."

"Imagine that," one cop said later. "They're throwing the guy around, and

they've broken my glasses and ripped my coat and I'm ready to take a couple of belts at them, and here's Kemp yelling don't hit them. Well, it's his life, I guess."

At that moment life had never been better for Jack Kemp. Last Saturday was his third championship game in the AFL and his first victory. In the first two games, in 1960 and 1961, he was quarterback for Coach Sid Gillman of the Chargers. After the Chargers lost both those title games to Houston, Gillman gave up on Kemp and let Buffalo have him for the \$100 waiver price. It was Gillman's announced opinion that Kemp, despite the strength of his arm, was too erratic ever to be counted on for a clutch game. Now Kemp has won two clutch games in a row, including the 24-14 verdict over Boston two weeks ago that gave the Bills the Eastern Division championship.

Recently Kemp did some pondering about his future. He went in to Buffalo Coach Lou Saban and said he wanted to take films home to study in the off season. Prior to this year, Kemp had been the sort whose interest in football lapsed as soon as he removed his helmet. Saban was surprised by the request. "You have to consider the possibility that you might come back here next year as the second-stringer," Saban told him. Kemp was acutely aware that Daryle Lamontica, a second-year man from Notre Dame, was being trained for the quarterback job, but rather than being discouraged, he merely nodded. Now the Bills are champions, in some measure because of Kemp's new attitude.

"I have come to the point in my career

continued

Halfback Wray Carlton (left for Bill's) touchdown, set up by passes to Elbert Dubenion (44) and Cookie Gilchrist (beyond official).





when I know I can play four or five more years, but it will take dedication to the mental aspects of the game," Kemp said. "The game is changing rapidly, and I want to stay up with it. If that means extra work and study, that's what I'll do."

The way the Chargers had it puzzled out, Kemp was going to be their heavy hug for serious buffeting on Saturday. "Kemp doesn't like to see me coming," said 262-pound Defensive End Earl Faison. The Chargers thought they could drive Kemp out of the pocket and scramble Buffalo's game plan.

Offensively, the Chargers intended to throw flares and screens to catch the Buffalo linebackers backing off into their zones, and with Lincoln and Lowe they knew they could run. During the week San Diego worked on a spread formation designed for use on a frozen field. The Chargers' plans did not include Lance Alworth, the finest deep receiver in the AFL. In the final league game against Oakland, Alworth was hobbled after a pass interception and his left knee was bent the wrong way. "When I sat up and discovered there was no feeling in my knee, I said to myself that's all for this season." He tried to run in midweek before the championship game but the knee swelled and his fears became fact.

Buffalo's idea was to control the ball. "We knew they would give double coverage to our two outside receivers—Elliott Dubenion and Glenn Bass—and their big men up front would have to spread out to protect the middle," said Kemp. "So we knew we could run Cookie Gilchrist and Wray Carlton, and then we could throw into the creases of their zone. But what we had to do was keep the ball away from them."

Both teams had accepted the probability of miserable weather and an icy field, despite the 60 tons of sand that the ground crew at War Memorial Stadium had spread on the turf. But the snow melted in Buffalo, helicopters came in to hover over the field and dry the wet spots and then the field was marked and covered. On Saturday the cover was rolled off after a morning rain, the field was marked again and the covering was

replaced. At 1 p.m. Saturday the covering was removed for the last time, and the field was remarkably firm. The temperature was in the 40s, the sky was the color of an elephant's hide and fog blew in like smoke. The stadium lights had to be switched on before the kickoff. Bull-dozers scraped up hillocks of mud on the sidelines, but the footing was good.

The Bills found themselves strangely uneventful. For them, the big game had been the week before when they beat Boston on frozen ground to win their first Eastern Division championship. "That was the game that worried us," said All-AFL Safetyman George Sannes. "We know if we do what we're supposed to we can beat San Diego. With Alworth out, that's six points for our side right there. We had our injuries last year. It's their turn now."

But for the first two minutes it looked as if the Chargers were out to surpass the 51-10 score by which they demolished Boston in the championship game of 1963. On the first play after the kickoff Lincoln raced 39 yards on a draw. Then Lincoln, who had gained 206 yards rushing against Boston, hit for four more and caught a pass for another 11. Rote, playing his final game before retiring to his conduit manufacturing business in Detroit, passed 26 yards under pressure to Tight End Dave Kocourek for a touchdown, and San Diego led 7-0 with 11:49 left in the first quarter.

The Chargers quickly got the ball again, and Rote, who will have an operation next month for calcium deposits in the elbow of his throwing arm, threw a 60-yard pass that Jerry Robinson, Alworth's replacement, could not hold. The pass was important, however, for it proved that Rote could throw deep despite the bad elbow. For the Bills, the situation looked darker than the Buffalo sky. But Stratton disposed of Lincoln, Buffalo drove for a field goal, Rote had an interception on the next series and the Chargers were staggering.

"I should have kept peeking away short," Rote said. "We had our short man open all day, but I couldn't hit the right man."

Still, Rote kept San Diego threatening through the second quarter. Lincoln came back from having his ribs taped and asked to return to the game, but the team physician advised against

it. Buffalo moved in for a touchdown on a four-yard run off right tackle by Wray Carlton and then for another field goal by Pete Gogolak, the Hungarian refugee who made his way into professional football via the Ivy League. With the score 13-7 the stadium shook beneath the shouting and stamping of a crowd that adores the Bills without the smallest taint of sophistication.

Rote was laboring under extremely poor field position. The Chargers had to start twice from inside their own 10 in the first half. But after Buffalo's second field goal, a fine kickoff return by rookie Jim Warren set up the Chargers on their own 33 with nearly three minutes left in which to score before intermission. At that moment in stepped Mike Stratton again. The big linebacker intercepted Rote's first pass and lateraled the ball to George Byrd, who darted around like a waterbug, but in vain. The officials ruled the interception had been caused by interference. The Chargers got the ball again, at the Buffalo 43 now, and it was the sort of break that can give a football team a tremendous lift. Rote completed his next pass, Lowe gained 10 yards on a sweep, Buffalo Corner Back Charley Warner dropped a possible interception, and then Rote passed 13 yards to Don Norton to the Buffalo 15. The clock showed 59 seconds—a situation in which Rote, on other, clearer days, could put a defense into paroxysms of anxiety.

But not this day. Rote's final pass of the first half went into the hands of, well, the same Mike Stratton. The Chargers were finished. Rote walked off the field with his head down. It was a sad ending to the career of a man who had quarterbacked Detroit to the NFL championship in 1958 and who had guided San Diego in the championship heroes of last season. Rote began this year's training camp in pain from his sore arm, and he saw the last of the championship game in pain inside. "My arm didn't bother me today," he said. "They didn't shoot at. They haven't shot at all year. I wish we could have had Lincoln and Alworth, but there's no use making excuses. I'm just sorry I couldn't have gone out a winner."

Rote was the San Diego quarterback for only seven plays in the third quarter—during which the Bills ran 20 plays.

Steve Gutrist and Jack Kemp, a San Diego castoff, hug jubilantly under the field lights after running and passing Chargers to defeat

continued



Up in unusual soccer style goes the kicking instep of Pete Gogolak as he puts his 205 pounds behind second of two important field goals—the margin of Bills' lead until fourth-quarter score

Then, late in the third quarter, Gillman sent in John Hadl to take over for Rote. There has been speculation that Gillman, whose dismissal of a quarterback can be harsh and quick, has given up on Hadl as he gave up on Kemp. If so Hadl's performance last Saturday did not help him. His first pass was an interception.

Meanwhile, Kemp was enjoying excellent pass blocking by his offensive line and by the two big backs—the 251-pound Gilchrist and the 216-pound Carlton. It was only a month ago that Carlton was pulled off the injured-deferred list when Buck Joe Auer had to leave active duty because of his wife's illness. "I had been pleading for Wray to be activated," Kemp said. "He's a

very underrated runner, and I like the way he stands strong back there to block." Carlton rushed for 70 yards against San Diego. Gilchrist, who had one of his best days before he fouled his ribs early in the fourth quarter, gained 122 yards on 16 carries and blocked like a barbed-wire fence. Part of his improvement is due to understanding Kemp better, and vice versa. "We talk about things now," said Kemp. "If I'm going to pass a lot and not let him run, I explain why to him. He tells me how he's thinking. Our only trouble before was a lack of communication. We're both heady guys with plenty of pent-up feelings."

Kemp had a brilliant afternoon. Gilchrist's longest runs—of 39 and 32 yards

—came on Kemp audibles. Wearing a white turtleneck ski sweater and a black leotard under his uniform, Kemp completed half of his 20 passes without an interception, and he had the satisfaction of beating the team that had said he was not good enough. (There was but one disappointment all day: the disclosure that ABC had not sold out the commercials on the telecast, and thus the winning players' shares were only \$2,668, only \$200 more than last year and about \$5,000 less than the winning shares in the NFL game on Sunday. The Chargers received \$1,738 per man.)

In the more obvious passing situations the Bills dragged out their weird three-man rush and dropped off eight men into a zone that made the secondary look like a volleyball lineup. The Chargers could not beat it. Buffalo Captain Billy Shaw, who calls the team to silent prayer before and after games and occasionally during the huddle, kept San Diego's 295-pound tackle, Ernie Ladd, from bothering Kemp. Lamonia, who went into most of the regular-season games as a reliever for Kemp, got to run with the ball once quite by accident. Lamonia was in to hold for a field goal, called an audible to change it to a pass, then jumped up to discover the receivers had not heard him.

The fans overlooked such gaffes. They paraded onto the field with a sign that said "Bring on the Cellos!" They showered the stands with confetti. They blew bagpipes and fired cannons and celebrated Buffalo's first A.F.L. championship with songs and laughter and that mad charge through the police to get at Kemp. But perhaps the happiest guy in Buffalo was a man who does not live there. He was the Bills' owner, Ralph Wilson of Detroit. Before the game American Airlines Executive Jack Tompkins, a friend of Wilson who also lives in Detroit, presented Wilson's wife with a mink coat-hall. "It's for the football widow who has everything," said Tompkins.

"I've years ago this league didn't even have a football," Wilson said. "Now we have one made out of mink. That shows how far we've come."

END

Down with a rib broken after perfectly timed tackle by the Bills' Mike Stratton is Fullback Keith Lincoln, whose loss jolted San Diego



FOR BOXING: A YEAR OF DECISION

Contrary to the popular impression, boxing is not dead. There are stirrings of life in the eight divisions, ranked by SI (below), and promise that in 1965 the sport will head back to rugged good health **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

THE TOP THREE MEN IN EACH MAJOR DIVISION

HEAVYWEIGHT

CASSIUS CLAY
SONNY LISTON
FLOYD PATTERSON

LIGHTWEIGHT

CARLOS ORTIZ
JOSÉ NÁPOLES
CARLOS HERNÁNDEZ

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT

WILLIE PASTRANO
HAROLD JOHNSON
JOSÉ TORRES

FEATHERWEIGHT

VICENTE SALOVAR
DON JOHNSON
HOWARD WINSTONE

MIDDLEWEIGHT

JOEY GIARDELLO
JOEY ARCHER
DICK TIGER

BANTAMWEIGHT

EDER JOFRE
JESUS PIMENTAL
FELIX BRAMI

WELTERWEIGHT

EMILE GRIFFITH
LUIS RODRIGUEZ
JOSE STABLE

FLYWEIGHT

PONE KINGPETCH
SALVATORE BURRINI
HORACIO ACAVALLO

After almost 20 years, many of them happy and profitable, network television boxing last fall sank into a grave dug mostly by itself. Gone because of the unequal competition with TV were more than 300 small fight clubs, the source of TV's boxing talent. But, by leaving, television paradoxically may have breathed new life into the sport. There are signs that 1965 could be the year when, despite the malodorous run-ins with policemen by leading heavyweight contenders, boxing begins to return to health.

"One of the few promoters still running steady is Unsinkable Sam Silverman up in Massachusetts," says Al Braverman, a New York fight manager who has taken to running an art gallery. "But some others are ready to come back. Boxing will boom again as soon as the small clubs open to bring out the talent." Despite the economic pinch—Don Toro Smith, a heavyweight managed by Braverman, is happy to get \$60 for six rounds from Unsinkable Sam in New Bedford or Pittsfield—there seems to be little lack of available youngsters. The gyms are glutted. "My gym is full," says Chris Dundee, the Miami promoter. "I have a gym full of boys," says Gus D'Amato in New York, "but they get disgusted because they have no place to fight."

Nonetheless, a boy with talent—and a

punch—is welcome even now. The main divisions have begun to wear thin with reruns of some of the same old faces, and the champions are mostly artful dodgers, from Cassius Clay, who fortunately is also a puncher, on down through to Carlos Ortiz, the lightweight champion. The day of the mauler and the puncher, the era of the Sonny Listons and Gene Fullmers, the Carmen Basilio and Dick Tigers, appears to be over for the nonce.

Clay, the best and most exciting of today's champions, is scheduled to fight Liston in late spring, and he should win again. Liston was in the shape of his life for the postponed fight last November, but now he is beering it up and wrestling with tag teams of Denver police. Liston's odd behavior could make even the World Boxing Association seem a sensible organization—if its own actions were not even more eccentric. The WBA has ruled with no logic whatever that the Ernie Terrell-Eddie Machen fight in Chicago this February will be for the heavyweight title. Terrell should win, but no one, with the exception of his loud manager, Julie Isaacson, will take the championship seriously. The winner of the Terrell-Machen fight is supposed to meet the winner of the George Chuvalo-Floyd Patterson match in Madison Square Garden on February 1. Here may be the first surprise of the year: a num-

ber of knowing boxing men pick Chuvalo to win by a knockout. Yet, peculiarly, the consensus is that Terrell would lick Chuvalo, but Patterson would beat Terrell—not that it really matters so long as Cassius is around. Aside from Chuvalo, the most promising "new" heavyweight is posturing, talkative Oscar Bonavena, a Cassius Clay from down Argentina way. He has been impressive, but he has had only eight fights and cannot be classed with name fighters in the division.

The situation in the light-heavyweight division is more desperate. Willie Pastrano has been punching harder since winning the title, but this is a relative thing and one wonders what keeps him up there. Harold Johnson, from whom Pastrano took the title in an outrageous decision in Las Vegas, has been embalmed for all practical purposes because he is such a dull fellow to watch. ("It's his own fault," says D'Amato. "Professional boxing has to entertain the public.") The one hope in sight is D'Amato's José Torres, who last month knocked out Bobo Olson in the first round. Torres can campaign as either a light heavy or a middleweight.

The most artful dodger of all is Joey Giardello, the middleweight champion. A counterpuncher to an extreme, he is also a fancy stepper when it comes to picking the place to fight. Usually it is Philadelphia, but on occasion he can

hess himself to travel 60 miles to Atlantic City, where the officials are fond of Philadelphians. His most formidable opponent is Joey Archer, but when and, more important, where the two will agree to meet is anyone's guess. "Archer would beat him in New York," says Braverman. "Archer holds the record for split decisions in the Garden. He's got the legs and style to beat a Guardello, but not in Philadelphia or Atlantic City. What's the sense of kidding? They go on Barron Island, and Archer's got a chance." Dick Tiger remains dangerous, but he has a fatal flaw: He cannot fight boxers, and both Guardello and Archer are boxers, even outside Philadelphia and New York. Tiger has already lost to both.

The pickings among the leaders of the welterweight division are slim, so slim in fact that Emile Griffith, the champion, has been fighting middleweights. Next to Griffith are Luis Rodriguez, who used to alternate the title with Griffith like two kids playing one-a-cut, and Jose Stabile, a strong puncher.

But there are some promising young welterweights coming along who may soon make this division the most exciting in boxing. Like most other emerging fighters, they will have a punch. The reason for this is money. Promoters know that punchers draw a crowd, and they are reluctant in this year of revival to encourage cute boxers. The best welterweight is Carmelo Hernandez, winner of the 1964 Golden Gloves. Novice C. Liss, who already has won seven pro fights, four by knockouts. "It's not the knockouts that impress me," says Griffith, "but the skill he showed in getting them." Not far behind Hernandez are Stan Hayward of Philadelphia, rated fifth and Willie Lodick, a South African.

Like Griffith, Carlos Ortiz, the lightweight champion, will step up a notch to the welterweights when not on his annual triumphal world tour demolishing contenders. Already his expedition is being planned with D-day efficiency by his manager, Honest Bill Daly. "He's going to defend his title twice in 1965," says Honest Bill. "It looks like the first defense will be in Kingston, Jamaica in early February against Bunny Grant, that's 6-8-4-5-1, and the second defense the latter part of March in Panama against Samuel Lagima, that's 1-5-9-4-4-1-4-4-

6-4-5-5—then, Nat, 1 featherweight. And possibly a third defense in Puerto Rico in May. Anyplace where the money is, regardless of the reception we get in the different countries."

The three other divisions—feather, bantam and flyweight—are inactive in the U.S., but in the rest of the world they command great respect. Unhappily, Featherweight Sugar Ramos, the colorful displaced Cuban, now from Mexico City, has apparently retired from the ring. Under heavy pressure from his mother to quit ever since Duxey Moore died after their title fight in Los Angeles (Ramos had previously killed another man in the ring), Ramos lost his zest for fighting. He managed to beat Floyd Robertson on a highly controversial decision in Ghana; but he lost his title to Mexico's Vicente Saldivar and, unless he changes his mind, is through for good.

Pone Kingpetch may be, too, if he doesn't hurry up and defend his flyweight title. It is a year since he fought, and the W.B.A. is itching to vacate his title. In September it ordered him to defend against Salvatore Burruin by Dec. 16 "or else." The else turned out to be an extension to Jan. 1. The W.B.A. has no hard feelings against Eder Jofre, the Brazilian who is world bantamweight champion and a very busy fighter. Jofre may be the best fighter going today, but few Americans have seen him fight, for the simple reason that he can make a fortune in such places as São Paulo, Manila and Tokyo. "Boxing is going to have a hard job to come on in the States," says Daly. "Around the world, it's a sensational thing. When we travel, people say to us, 'What's the matter? Are Americans getting soft?'"

No, just wary. Subjected to a barrage of stinkers in the days of TV, the public has become very wise. Says John Condon, the Garden publisher: "We promoted the hell out of Bartels and Manguspane, a neighborhood grudge fight, and we got all kinds of ink. But the public didn't buy it. The fans figured they'd wait until the next time around to see if the two were worth the price."

By contrast, Condon says, the Patterson-Chavalin fight will be a sellout. It brings together two very competitive name fighters. (There will, incidentally, be more such fights this year, if they are to draw any crowds at all, the top con-

tenders will have to fight each other, a prospect they despise but will have to live with if they are to eat.) Chavalin is, moreover, the only white heavyweight near contention, and he owes his prominence to one victory, a TKO over Doug Jones. But where a new Chavalin or even a new Jones will develop is a problem.

One man who thinks he may have the answer is Fred Brooks, the president of Sportsvision, the closed-circuit-TV company. Brooks has lined up a dozen or so promoters, from Unsinkable Sam to George Parnassos on the West Coast, who would be willing to stage live fights on the same card with a top closed-circuit bout. The plan calls for two promotions a month to cut the rental of transmission lines. If successful, the Brooks plan would give young fighters experience, exposure and a decent payday at the same time it offered good purse money for a continuing schedule of name fighters. Who knows? Given such a boost, the small fight clubs might catch on again. Left for dead by network TV, boxing could revive with intelligent closed-circuit programming and 1965 should be the year of decision.

END



Frederick Patterson (left) and Carlos Chavalin.

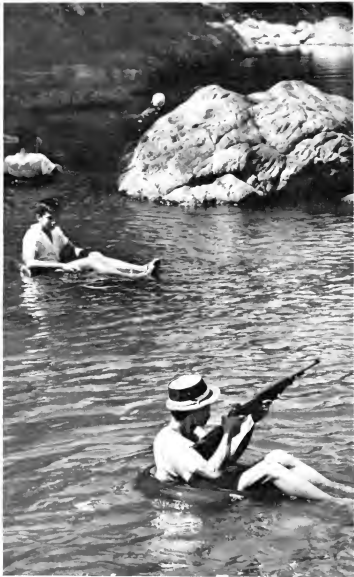
Some Inner Tubes for Thais

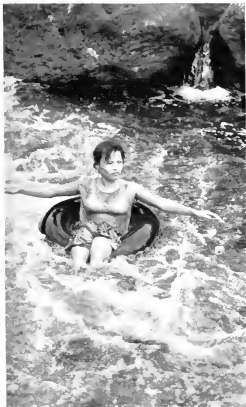
The cheerful lady taking her ease below is Thailand's Royal Highness, Princess Panthip Chumbhot of Nagar Svarga, a zealous hobbyist. "One of my hobbies," she says, "is collecting beautiful places." Another, apparently, is putting them to joyous use. Shown on these pages is what happened when the ebullient princess brought 100 or more old inner tubes to her estate in the Chang Lom valley and invited the neighbors in to ride them down the river.



There is only one drawback to the joys of tubing on Princess Chumbhuf's estate. A murderous bandit chieftain named Tiger Sengat has set up headquarters in a far corner of her acres, which makes it necessary for two armed guards to keep the princess company wherever she goes. For them it is often a pleasantly cool duty.

CONTINUED





At first the tubing princess (shown at right bubbling through a brisk rapids) thought only a few friends, such as the slim beauty above, would want to join her sport. But when news of the fun got out in a Siamese TV show, people began flocking to southern Nakhon Si Thammarat province by the hundreds, hoping to join in. The shrewd little princess, whose late husband was third in line to the throne, charges them five baht (25¢) to enter the estate and another five to rent a tube, but the profits are more than consumed by the millions she has given to Bangkok's Chulalongkorn Hospital.

Like the vacationing schoolchildren who are their principal companions, the strong, gentle water buffalo who help till Thailand's fields get a recess between the plowing and the harvest. They are set free to cool themselves in local rivers and streams. Though they are a bit too large to climb aboard an old inner tube, the amiable beasts are the tubers' constant playmates, and they may be the only ones who do not respond instantly to the occasional brisk commands of their hostess—a stern and bustling coffeehouse owner whenever she's in town.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOK





BYU: LAND OF CUTIES AND 12 TALL COUGARS

by **BOB OTTUM**

The girls have always been beautiful at Brigham Young, and until this year they were the stars of the basketball show. Now Coach Stan Watts's team wants equal billing, and in the shadow of Mt. Timpanogos the pressure is on

As unlikely as this will sound to cosmopolites, Brigham Young University, hidden off there in Utah, has more pretty girls on its campus than any other place in the whole world. This includes such competition as Hollywood and Vine, where the girls are too painted, and Radio City Music Hall, where the routine is too perfect. And nowhere is the BYU charm more evident than at Cougar basketball games, where some of the prettiest coeds on campus dance (imperfectly) and lead the cheers at half time, a program guaranteed to make the evening worthwhile, win or lose the game. The swirl of brief blue skirts and flags and flashing teeth is so stunning that it frequently delays the half-time run on hamburger stands until after the teams resume play. This situation has never



HANDSOME, she says (and high scores). John Fairchild is a teammate with BYU scouts.

BYU team has looked terribly good and terrifically bad, but it is clearly starting to play well as a unit. The Cougars run so fast they become a sort of blurred blue-and-white background for those jumping-up-and-down dancing girls, and this season the customers hardly know which to watch. The 12-man lineup is really two teams—one of them the intact freshman crew from last year that heat all corners in the mountain country while averaging 109 points a game. The first string is faster and better. Play in the six-team Western Athletic Conference has not started yet, but already Jack Gardner, coach of archrival Utah, says BYU will win the title. He does not mean it, but at least he says it. So much for first place. Who will come in second? "Well," says Gardner, "I'll pick BYU's second team."

Brigham Young began to believe in itself when the team opened the season with two victories over Oregon. It lost twice to Wichita—who wouldn't in Wichita?—and then came back with two wins over Santa Clara. And last week the Cougars chewed up Ohio State while tying the school's single-game scoring record. Now the confidence and enthusiasm of the whole campus has spread through the team, too. They come out on the floor all loose-armed and relaxed, with the contemplative look of men who have just been at prayer, which they have. Six-foot-eight Center John Fairchild wears a faraway air as though he were listening to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir on an invisible transistor radio—and the effect is purest deception. He wears the same bemused look when he is flipping his surprisingly high, twisting jumper into the basket from 25 feet out, or plain-facedly murdering everybody within elbow distance on rebounds. But then, almost everything about Fairchild is different from what it seems. Around the campus he wears two pairs of sweat socks, boxer shorts over his jockey shorts, an undershirt and a buttoned sweat shirt under a tab-collar dress shirt—and still manages to look skinny.

All the other Cougars are as sneaky. BYU opponents so far this year have not been able to scout Playmaker-Guard Jeff Congdon because he rarely—Cousy-style of play still has them confused. Congdon stands 6 feet 1, weighs 195 pounds, sits

continued

done much for professional basketball scouts, but it would drive a Minsky's scout wild. "You know what this is?" shouted one sportswriter who came to watch them play and stayed to see them dance. "All this is a big, wild, wonderful, gigantic peep show." By last week it was becoming clear that BYU may be off to its best year ever. That is, the team has won a little and lost a little, and the girls have won them all.

This adoration of the campus cream-puffs is not to imply that Brigham Young loves its basketball team less. Absolutely not. Never was any team so loved and never were 12 gangly men treated with such tender care. They are celebrities. Students seek them out. Their training-table menu starts with steak, is laced through with uncarbonated green punch

(Mormons do not drink anything stronger than uncarbonated punch) and ends with orange sherbet. The team physician is a basketball nut who hovers just a groan away. Respect fills the air. But all this basketball excellence is strange and new. With potentially the best team the school has ever had, Brigham Young wants a national championship badly. Failing that, it will settle for a national something.

"So much for the choreography," said one professor, rubbing his hands together after last week's 112-71 slaughter of Ohio State. "So we've always had beautiful girls. In fact, we could two-platoon the whole world with beautiful girls. All right. Now let's take this basketball team to the top."

In winning five and losing two the

the patterns, directs the break and passes off the ball with roughly the velocity of a carbine shot. Against Santa Clara and Ohio State he hit most of his targets (plus a few of the spectators) on a dead run, threw a couple of passes into the rafters and on one key play doubled up the referee with a hard shot to the stomach. The BYU bench includes Center Craig Raymond, who may be the only 6-foot-11 player left in America who is not quite good enough to make a first team. Head Coach Stan Watts, an outwardly calm man full of inner demons, admits that his boys are still ragged. "But they have the spark," he says. "The spark of greatness. If they ever really

Watts shakes until at least 4 o'clock. This growing fighting mood is something new to Brigham Young University. The school has sat tightly and quietly for years because it has wanted it that way. It is an all-Mormon school, and the Mormons had enough trouble with the rest of the country back in the days of cowboys and Indians, lynchings and religious persecution. The school was founded in a mood of seclusion and peace, and that's the way it has been.

Brigham Young lies hidden in foothills, with Utah's Wasatch Mountains on one side and several thousand acres of peaceful valley on the other side, and somewhere down there is a village called Pleasant Grove. It figures. The 17,800 BYU students never stir up trouble, and they would not dream of staging a demonstration for civil rights. Aside from basketball, last month was about as wild as it gets: one undergraduate stayed in a dormitory shower for 47 hours and claimed a new record for this sort of thing. Of course, it may be a little early in the season to claim a national championship for that, too.

In the athletic office, Publicist Dave Schulthess leans back and looks out his window at the changing classes. There are no signs, but the students are all walking on the sidewalks and not on the grass. It is a conditioned BYU reflex. "Sometimes it gets so peaceful here," says Dave gravely, "that weaker professors have been known to crack under the lack of pressure. They come running into the dean's office and scream something like, 'Where's the action?' and threaten to resign." When this happens the standard procedure is to send the prof outside just at dusk to watch the sun setting behind Mount Timpanogos, which lies huge and still beyond the new dormitories and football stadium. Looking at the mountain never fails to bring on a feeling of great inner calm, and over the years it has saved the school millions of dollars in salaries.

But money has never been much of a problem anyway. Mormons pride themselves on being a thrifty folk—the steady members give 10% of their income to the church—and they are funneling millions of dollars into the BYU building program. "Everywhere you look you see \$5 million units," says Schulthess. The athletic plant covers exactly one mile of new construction and it may not stop until it reaches the state line.

There are a new field house, football stadium, physical education building and indoor baseball diamond, and the indoor track has 110 yards of straightaway before it curves.

With all this, the school wants winners. President Ernest L. Wilkinson—who is 66 years old, has had a heart attack and still does 50 push-ups every morning before breakfast—is the driving force behind the BYU change. At one point not too long ago he wanted everybody to ride bicycles around the campus to stay healthy, but now that is not enough. In recent years he has discovered sports and has panicked the athletic staff. Wilkinson took to firing coaches—he may be the champion of the West at firing them—and then sidelined the athletic director to a new job that is about the equivalent of passing out towels. He brought in a new man who is listed as athletic director but who is referred to as the chief executioner.

"We participate in nine sports here," says W. Floyd Millet, the new athletic director. "We are going out for all nine of them to win. Football has been at a low ebb. Well, all that will change. Yes, sir. We have a new coach. We have a new wrestling coach and a new swimming coach, too. And basketball will be better from now on."

And in his smaller office next door Coach Watts sits and worries and often looks up at his oil painting. It shows two cougars—the mountain-lion symbol is all over the campus—in a sedate pose. One is standing, the other has its paws tucked under like a pronghorn. There is a cougar oil painting in the new athletic director's office, too. It shows two cougars who have just killed a deer, and one of them is busily tearing out its entrails. There is a lot of blood.

"Sometimes I wonder about all this," says Watts, poking moodily at the papers on his desk. "The pressure is on to produce a winner, and they say that if I do not, this is my last year. How's that for pressure? The students, the faculty, the alumni are after me, and it's running my health. Some of the alumni members give us something like \$25 a year, and they want to run the team. Why don't I start Raymond with Fairchild? Why don't I play them both in a high-low post?" Watts peers over the top of his glasses. He dresses in a suit-and-dark-tie style that might be called early Kiwanian, and he is one of the last of the real



FOR STAN WATTS, IT'S WIN-OR ELSE

catch fire they will burn the ground bare for miles around."

In the Cougar dressing room Fairchild daubs green skin lubricant on his blistered ankles, pastes patches of bandages over the continent, tapes thick felt pads to the bottoms of his feet and then plasters a log padded bandage across his kidneys. "We play rough," he explains. "But we're not worried about this season. Not worried. After every game I just quietly go to bed, and I shake until 2 o'clock and then I go to sleep."

There is reason to believe that Coach

gentleman coaches. "I have given this school 16 good years," he continues. "And now this. I have a year-to-year contract. At most schools this size they give you a three-to-five-year contract and you don't have to listen to the howls of the alumni. I almost quit last year, but then I took another look at these kids. They are potentially the best ever. So I decided to stay on once more around to see if I am over the hill or not. We could do it this year. You know?"—swearing comes hard for Watts, and he searches his mind for something blasphemous—"you know, I'd like to produce a conference champ, possibly a national champion, and then tell them all to go to, uh, hell."

Watts has produced three conference titlists and one NIT winner in his 16 years at Brigham Young, but the last seven years have been lean. Last season the Cougars were third in the WAC, they were second the year before that and second the year before that. Now the squeeze is tightening as conference play nears. Watts has Fairchild, who wants to be an All-American in spite of that sleepy-eyed stance. He has Raymond, who is playing better and more each game, and Congdon, who is learning to throw the ball away less often. The nine others are adding pace.

In the team dressing rooms Watts chalks out the plays on the board and goes through the standard Brigham Young University pregame ritual. "Let's go out there and be vicious," he says professionally. "That doesn't mean dirty. Just vicious. Vicious, vicious, vicious. Any volunteers for prayers?"

The coach and Cougars all kneel on the tile floor in the pile of orange peels and handbags and towels with Brigham Young stenciled across them in blue. "Heavenly Father," begins one of the students, "we thank Thee for these fine, healthy bodies." Out on the field-house floor the band is thumping and those lovely girls are twirling and the sound of the cheering comes through the walls. "And, please, keep us safe from injury and protect our opponents," the student finishes. They all rise, cheering, and head out for another game. This may be the year for Brigham Young, the year for a national something. The potential is there. The pressure is on.

And after every game Stan Watts goes outside, alone, and looks at that crazy mountain.

END

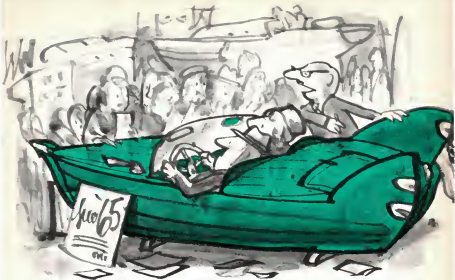


ART STUDENT FAIRCHILD OFTEN SKETCHES IN MOUNTAINS AROUND BYU'S CAMPUS

CRUISING THE AISLES

It is boat-show time again from London to Los Angeles, and in half a hundred cities between these extremes landmen will face perils in the aisles they never will find afloat. As Artist Roy McKie suggests below, a sailorman needs an understanding companion when he enters the door, preferably one wise in the ways of the sea and the salesman. Once he takes the plunge, there is no turning back; he is committed. No landlubber has ever gone to a boat show and emerged entirely content with the land.

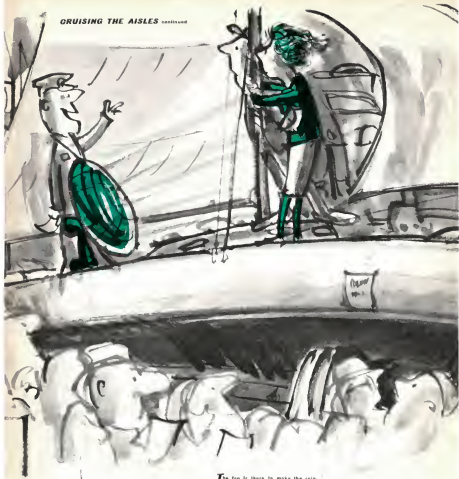




If you can drive a car, you can drive a boat, the salesman is saying. Actually it will be easier on the water; all these people won't be in the way.



Only gods get to go aboard the big boats, but Luther will soon reach their paradise. In a minute, he's going to get his arm stuck in that exhaust pipe.



The fun is there to make the spin-
ner belly out, but it gives an in-
dier voyager a heady sense of what
it's like to round the Horn in a gale.

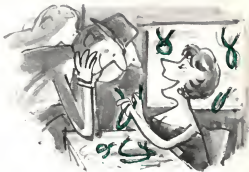
Tall motor generates plenty of horse-
power for the shipper, but if these cur-
tains don't come in the m/s's favorite
shade of blue the whole deal is off.



There is nothing like good plumbing to make you feel right at home at sea. The only thing is, if you're at sea, how do you call the plumber?



To the interested novice nothing is more fascinating than the subtle skills of the salesman. These two apprentices could go on tying knots forever.



Terrible things can happen to a neglected bottom. Some people may even be persuaded to buy antifoulants before they remember they have no boat.





Be prepared! You can always go sailing in a pair of dungarees and a shirt, but what if the commodore should ask you over to lunch at the yacht club?



So here he is, back from the boat show with a brand-new engine, and it is winter and the boys are all frozen. Don't bother your father now, boy!





The observation post I picked to watch the battle was about halfway between a railroad yard and the plateau on which the opposing armies were deployed. I had to squint to see through the blue haze and intermittent puffs of smoke that floated across the terrain. Some of the troops to the east were about to haul an artillery piece over a bridge, and behind them a group of cavalrymen was preparing to charge. To the west, the enemy had concealed some of his men in a pass behind a mountain. It occurred to me that I was one of the few war correspondents in history who ever had been afforded such a splendid panoramic view of an engagement, and again I peered through my glasses at the troops moving into position.

The men looked very small at that distance. For that matter, they looked very small up close, for each was only 1 1/2 inches tall. Their battlefield was a 5-by-9-foot piece of green-painted plywood set atop a pool table. The blue haze came from a gel placed over a floodlight by a photographer, and the smoke came from a smoke-puff apparatus made for him by a friend in the Special Effects department at NBC-TV. The rolling stock in the railroad yard behind me was all 1/2 inch, my observation post was an aluminum tubular kitchen chair and my glasses were not field but nose. I was in Bristol, Conn., to cover a war game that was about to be played by two devotees of this little-known sport: the brothers Bob and Charlie Sweet (left).

President of the North Side Bank, a graduate of Washington and Lee, he played *continued*

A LITTLE WAR CAN BE A LOT OF FUN

by RICHARD GEHMAN

When collectors of military miniatures—toy soldiers—get together, vast armies mobilize, whole villages are assembled and history's famous battles blaze again

guard there on a Southern Conference championship team in 1934), Charlie Sweet is a 50-year-old outdoorsman whose husky body impresses, although not very effectively, the spirit of a boy. For years he took time off from his various civic activities (he is on virtually every public-minded committee in Bristol) to make model aircraft, both gas- and rubber-band-powered, as well as model boats, trains and other toys. As a boy he had played with tin or lead soldiers, and around 1950 he found himself thinking that it might be fun to play with them again.

Today Charlie Sweet is one of the foremost collectors of tin soldiers—or military miniatures, as they are called more formally—in the country. He owns around 6,000 figures, most of which he designed, cast and painted in his basement workshop. Sweet is just one of approximately 10,000 collectors, a figure vouched for by Jack Scruby of Visalia, Calif., a military-miniature manufacturer who also serves as a kind of information center for this breed of hobbyist. "Collectors are divided into three major categories," Scruby said recently. "There are those who just collect soldiers—some of the more famous ones are Churchill, Eisenhower, the writer James Jones, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and King Farouk. Then there are those who get their kicks out of making their own figures, usually in plaster-of-paris molds, casting them in lead and painting them—or who just like to paint the unpainted figures I make and sell. Finally, there are those who play war games with them. Some collectors have really tremendous armies. Leon Chodnicki of Baltimore has more than 40,000 figures, and Gus Hansen of Chicago has at least that many also."

The idea of grown men playing with tin soldiers strikes some people as a trifle ludicrous, which may be one reason why some collectors in various cities have banded together in self-defensive clubs and discussion groups. One of the most active, founded in 1940, is the Miniature Figure Collectors of America, which has around 300 members "in the United States and the rest of the world," according to Arthur Etchells, former president. Its home base is Philadelphia. Another active group is the Miniatures Militaria, with headquarters in Los Angeles. There also are organized clubs in

England, France, Germany, Italy and the Scandinavian countries.

The collectors are, as the English ones would say, terribly keen on their hobby. They read and lend each other books on military history and tactics, they read papers on famous engagements, they display and view old prints of battles and men at arms and, above all, they bring, handle, examine (often with a magnifying glass), criticize and sometimes even admire each other's figures. They speak in solemn tones of the gums among the makers of miniatures: of William Courtenay, Charles Stadden, the firm of Greenwood and Bull, and Commander Ping. These are all revered English miniaturists. An Arthur Etchells, returning from a vacation in Europe, will tell his fellow clubmen that he spent most of his time looking at and buying figures, and that the French ones made by Des Fontaines are now so well done they can bring up to \$150 apiece. It is not unusual for the dedicated, and affluent, collector to spend \$75 for a single piece. It would be hard to get a really good Courtenay, such as a mounted knight with movable arms and a movable visor on his helmet and perhaps a sword that can be taken out of its sheath, for less than that.

Commander Ping is the enigma of the collectors' world. Considering his gift for sculpture and detail, and the projects he is willing to undertake (he has done several sets of all the rulers of England), his prices are ridiculously low. But Ping is not especially interested in money; he is more concerned with historical accuracy. He sits with his wife, who helps him, in his small house in the ancient village of Milbourne Port, Dorset, turning out soldiers by the score for around \$11 apiece, each one cast and painted by hand. "I try never to do the same one twice," he says. On commission he will do nonmilitary figures: Sir Laurence Olivier costumed as Richard III, Robert Morley as Nero, Jackie Gleason as Regie Van Gleason and an Ernest Hemingway coming out of a tiny jungle with a bunch of bananas in one hand and a bottle of gin aloft in the other.

The acknowledged master of American craftsmen is William Imrie of Richmond Hill, N.Y., who at one time concentrated on making expensive single

figures that rivaled Courtenay's but now mass-produces his soldiers and sells them unpainted, as Jack Scruby does. Both produce castings from virtually every period and military organization in history; their catalogs contain hundreds of items, and they constantly are adding to them. "I sell around 70,000 castings per year," Scruby says with an alloy of regret and pride in his voice, for what began as a hobby has gradually become a business. "I hardly ever get time to play with my own collection any more," he adds, wistfully. Many collectors take Scruby's and Imrie's castings and alter their positions or change them in other ways, the resulting figures are called "conversions."

Scruby declares that, of all the collectors, those who play war games—he calls them "war games"—are the most enthusiastic. Some fight with each other in person across a table, and some fight by mail, as chess fanatics do. And some even fight alone: a British collector, Lionel Tarr, has invented a solitaire war game.

Of all the tabletop generals now in competition, none is more dedicated than The Boy President of the North Side Bank, Charlie Sweet. Collectors in the eastern U.S. acknowledge that his collection, which embraces Courtenays, Imries and other famous names but which mainly is made up of Charlie Sweet's, is one of the best extant in terms of craftsmanship, authentic detail and variety. His men have won many awards at the annual conventions of the Miniature Figure Collectors of America, and the shelves of his study are swarming with foot soldiers, artillerymen, grenadiers, cavalrymen and other bearers of arms—so many of them that it comes as a shock to the visitor when he says, "These are only the very good ones. I have thousands more stowed away in boxes."

Sweet takes understandable pride in showing off his collection. "Right here's part of the Battle of Hastings I made a few years ago along with an Army officer friend of mine, Bill Greer," he told me, pointing to a bloody skirmish on one shelf. "Bill made the Saxons, I made the Normans. First we did the basic research, and then we wrote back and forth and did our men in complementary battle positions. See that Saxon over there? He's just thrown his battle-ax, and

this Norman right here's just taken it right in the head.

"I like the colorful periods," he went on. "Here are some Roman legions—mores, and here are some of Hannibal's Carthaginians—see, they're riding elephants. This thing right here I'm proud of. It's the very earliest tank, the first wheeled war vehicle, from Sumeria, about 2000 B.C. And over there are Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Crusaders, Persians, Medes, Franks, Moslems, Huns, Goths. Here's something I get a kick out of, Von Steuben teaching the American Colonials how to drill. There's Napoleon and all his marshals. I've got nearly all the Union and Confederate troops, armies of the French Revolution—well, without bragging, I guess there's just no period in history I don't have represented."

The figures at first seem to be of many different sizes, but this illusion results from Sweet's having deployed his troops in no special order. There are two types of soldiers, Flats and Rounds. Flats are two-dimensional, thinner than dimes, and their features can be seen only from either side. Rounds are fully three-dimensional little men. Most of the superior craftsmen in this country prefer to make Rounds.

As Charlie Sweet was giving me this technical data he was leading the way to his basement, which looked a good deal like Santa's Workshop. At the bottom of the stairs was the railroad mentioned previously, a permanent layout on a plywood table. Gas-model aircraft hung on strings from the ceiling. Boxes of games were stacked in every corner. There were two glass candy-store cases, each crammed with at least as many soldiers as I had seen in his study. Farther back in the basement was a workbench on which were scattered at least 300 soldiers-in-work. "I make 'em six at a time," Charlie said. "Six is my unit for war games. Some guys use four men per unit. Some mount the units on little trays, or glue 'em to cardboard strips so they can move all the men in a unit at one time. I prefer to keep my men separate from each other. Makes 'em more mobile."

In the center of the room was the pool table, now covered by the war game's plywood board, which had been marked off into six-inch squares. On it Charlie had placed model houses to simulate a

village, strips of paper to designate roads and rivers, small bridges, some plywood hills and sponge-rubber trees and a crudely painted backdrop of mountains and pastureland. "The average war gamer uses a playing field a little smaller than this, usually one 8 by 4 feet," Charlie said. "You couldn't very well use one much bigger, because you've got to be able to lean across it to move your men, and running around to the other side would take too much time. Also the bigger you get, and the more soldiers you use, you get into a thing where you can't handle all your troops in the time you get for one move."

"Some fellows play on the floor, some play on maps. I like to play on this because the houses, trees and all make it more realistic—but I know a lot who just put down cardboard squares and mark them 'village' or 'mountain' and have just as much fun. After all, it's the strategy that counts."

Bob Sweet arrived. Eight years younger than Charlie, he is a "minor executive"—his term—for an insurance company in Hartford. A well-built man with

a thick crew cut and a mustache, Bob was a fencing champion at Colorado College, a guard on the football team and a Marine officer in World War II. He is not a military-miniature collector, but he fights Charlie about once a month, mainly after hunting season ends and before fishing season begins. The two men like to watch the professional football games on Sunday afternoons, and afterward they usually retire to the basement and all-out war.

"This game of ours just sort of grew," Charlie Sweet said. "For example, I don't know of anybody else who uses one of these"—he held up a kitchen stove timer—"to time his moves. Each player gets three minutes to move as many of his men as he can according to the rules. We move 'em one or two squares at a time, in any direction, depending on what kind of pieces they are. Cavalry moves two, foot soldiers one, except on roads, where the moves are doubled. There are other rules for the movement of artillery, howitzers and whatever else you have. You keep moving until you get into range of each

continues



THE CHASE IS ON as a British dragon made by William Britz pursues his American counterpart. Inlie is one of 10,000 U.S. collectors, some of whom own as many as 40,000 troops.

other. Then, after you've taken your three-minute move, if you're in range, you fire. You roll dice, and the number that comes up tells you if you've hit or missed."

"Range is determined by these sticks," Bob Sweet said, holding up sticks of varying lengths. "Rifle range is one foot, or two squares. There are other ranges for grenade-throwers, cavalrymen and so on. If your man is the stick's distance away from an enemy, he can fire, that is, roll the dice and look up the number in the fire table we've prepared. That tells whether he's killed the enemy."

"Except in the case of artillery," Charlie said, excitement beginning to edge into his voice. "When the artillery gets into range, we take the piece that goes along with the artillerymen off the board and substitute this." He held up a small cannon with a spring action. "This fires a Q-Tip. Wherever that Q-Tip lands, we cover it with a cardboard circle, or a wire one. The men inside that circle are killed. We also have circles for melees. When two or more men get within range of each other, you have a melee situation, so we take out the melee circle and put it over 'em, and the ones inside on the opposing army are the ones you can kill."

As he spoke he began taking boxes of soldiers down off the shelves, setting some aside for himself and passing others to Bob. "We think the war game is superior to chess," Charlie continued, evangelically. "After all, chess is played on a board that never varies with the same amount of men every time. But the variations on war games are limited only by your imagination. Joseph Morsehauser, a writer who is a big war-game fan, wrote a book two years ago setting down basic rules. But you can make up your own. To play the game properly, you have to have a good knowledge of the abilities of your pieces, historically speaking, a good memory for the correct military moves involved and a foundation in military tactics. Also you have to be able to take advantage of the breaks, good and bad."

"The first thing you must decide is what period you're going to play in, Civil War, World War I. Then you decide whether or not you want to refight a real battle—and if you do you set up your terrain and men accordingly, as they actually were in history. This is fun

—depending on the skill of the players, you can change history. The Confederates might win at Gettysburg, or you could have Alexander the Great in a complete rout at one of the battles he won. Or you can select your period of history, set up some terrain at random, put an even number of men on each side and fight, with the object being to kill as many men as you can within a given time. Or you can start with some definite objective in mind. One side can be trying to take a hill or a town held by the other. Some guys fight campaigns—that is, several different battles with one objective. I fought one by mail not long ago. We used medieval troops. Each of us had a kingdom and forces of his own. We made the moves on master maps. It lasted about nine months in all."

"Another time, Bob and I fought an embarkation—an evacuation by sea. It was a Dunkirk set in Revolutionary times. It was my job to see if I could get all my men down to the dock and out to

sea before he could overrun and destroy me. He was much heavier than I was. One time he won and the other time I did—I got away, that is."

By then he and Bob each had about a dozen boxes of soldiers in front of him. "This is going to be a Revolutionary battle tonight," Charlie said. "I happen to have a complete set of every outfit that was in that war, on both sides. We won't use 'em all in the game—there wouldn't be room to put them on the table. But we'll use a good many. It will be an imaginary battle that could have happened in, oh, 1779 or 1780. You can see the terrain we've laid out—relatively open farmland, with a few rolling hills, one large mountain, a couple of streams with bridges over them and a hamlet at the crossroads—it's terrain much like that of sections of New Jersey, Pennsylvania or the Virginia horse country where most of the major battles of the Revolution, except Saratoga, were fought."

"The situation is this. The British have

THE FOCUS OF BATTLE is the wooden bridge, on which one arm has mounted a cannon. Wars are usually fought with collectors stationed on opposite sides of a table covered with



decided to make a major effort to take the crossroads town of New Tilsbury. Of course, there's no such town; I just made up the name. The main roads from the New England colonies to the southern ones cross here, and if the British can take it they will cut the colonies almost in half. In order to make the battle tonight more or less even, we're giving the Americans an unusually strong force compared to what they've had thus far in the war. The French alliance has resulted in our troops being well-fed and outfitted. Von Steuben's hard work in training and drilling has had its effect, and the Colonial line troops now have sufficient strength to meet the British in the open. Also the hussars of Laumou's Legion have joined the cavalry, and the infantry has been strengthened by the veteran Gâtinois Grenadiers.

"Our situation is this as we begin: the armies on both the British and American sides have encamped in the woods and fields around New Tilsbury, and presum-

ably the action commences with the dawn."

With that, Charlie and Bob picked up a piece of plywood, 4 by 5 feet, and set it on its edge exactly in the middle of the pool-table field to act as a wall that would keep each from seeing how the other was setting up his troops and guns. They began opening the boxes in which the various units were resting on cotton. The figures were all handmade by Charlie. Each outfit consisted of six identical men, and each man was painted in detail, conforming to the standard work. Lefferts' *Uniforms of the American, British, French and German Armies in the War of the American Revolution*.

The Sweet brothers were almost grim as they set out the tiny figures. They did not look in the least like little boys. The job took them nearly half an hour, during which Charlie kept up a running explanation of various technical rules. When they were finished they removed the wall, and each observed the positions the other had taken.

The men rolled dice for high number. Bob won. Charlie set the kitchen stove timer, and Bob immediately began moving his British forces a square or two squares at a time, according to the rules. He proceeded cautiously, moving only his infantrymen and holding his cavalry back. Nor did he touch the reserves he had placed behind the mountain.

Charlie, when it was his turn, brought out his navy artillery boldly, moving both gun crews toward the two small bridges. On the next turn Bob brought up his artillery, and on his fourth turn he traded a shot. He missed. Meanwhile Charlie was advancing all his lines steadily, mounting his two field pieces on the small bridges and preparing for his first artillery barrage.

Charlie had been killing Bob's men all along, and with his first navy gun shot from the bridge he knocked out 11 more. Bob then had a total of 20 dead, and Charlie had yet to lose a man.

"He took the chance that he could get his men into action faster than I could by keeping them bunched together," Charlie said. "I kept mine in extended order. Harder to hit that way. Now you can begin to see how the whole thing ties into reality."

Bob began to bring up his cavalry, but it was a futile move. Charlie's two big guns dominated the action. By the seventh move it became clear that the older

brother was going to take the crossroads and win no matter how long the game would last. I ventured to express that opinion, but Charlie said, as though reluctant to believe he had won and the game was over, "No, no, no, I wouldn't say that—he's still got his troops back there behind the mountain. Hasn't brought them into action yet."

"Yes, but you've knocked out both my gun crews," Bob said, glumly.

Almost against my will I found myself fascinated by the game, wishing I could move the brightly uniformed little pieces around the table. The two hours it took Charlie finally to decimate Bob's forces and gain control of the crucial crossroads passed quickly.

"Not much point in going on," Bob said, at length, after Charlie had killed seven more of his cavalrymen. By then he had lost 53 men to Charlie's 11. Charlie's men all were in strategic positions around the crossroads, ready to hold off any onslaught. "It wouldn't do me much good even if I called up my reserves," Bob said.

"No, I guess there isn't any reason to go on," Charlie said, but there was no triumph in his tone; he obviously would have been happier if the game had not been so one-sided. "If you'd just been more blamed careful in the beginning, Bob, you'd have had a better chance. Even if you bring those men out from behind the mountain in a final charge, I've got enough strength to beat you off."

Disappointed, the two men began packing up their soldiers in the cotton-lined boxes. Later, as we all were having a postbattle drink, Charlie said, "When I first started playing war games, a lot of my friends around here in Bristol thought I was doing it because of my three sons. Well, I know it may sound silly to some people, but I wasn't doing any such thing. Everybody to his own taste, I say. Many men I know love soldiers and would enjoy playing with them but won't admit it. Also it's an instructive game. You learn a lot of history playing it. And you learn to use your wits, too. As far as I'm concerned, I'd much rather move a soldier on a tabletop than run a model railroad. It's a fascinating game—and anybody who says it's childish, why, he just plain doesn't know what he's talking about. Would you call Winston Churchill childish?"

END

authentic scenes, although some enthusiasts fight by mail and still others fight alone





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Long one of the most proficient skiers in the jet set, **Lance Revellow**, heir to lots of Woolworth's nickels and dimes, forgot what goeth before a fall. Trying to impress his new wife, Actress Cheryl Holdridge, on the slopes, Revellow felt an understandable urge to bravado. That was his first mistake. His second was reminding friends of his 12 years of skiing without an injury. Moments after that bit of self-congratulation Revellow pushed off down California's Mammoth Mountain, ended soon afterward as Santa Monica's St. John's Hospital with a fractured left leg.

Whoever started the scurrilous rumor that Notre Dame Coach **Ara Parseghian's** mother kept him in curls and a dress until he was 6 years old had better stay out of Akron. Mrs. Michael Parseghian can be fierce when she's mad, even at age 66. "I wouldn't have done that to Ara," she protests. "Sure, I wanted a girl and did keep him in dresses when he was a baby (he's), but we had his hair cut and Ara started wearing clothes just like all the other boys when he was 2."



Jack LaMotta was in Baltimore, explaining how he came to write an autobiography. "One day I was home doing nothing," said the former middleweight champion. "All of a sudden I told my wife, 'Be quiet, don't talk no more.' Then I wrote my life story in four days and two nights." LaMotta claims Universal and MGM want to make a film of the book. "The movie will open," says Jack, "when I am a kid in The Bronx. It's early morning. I am hungry. I see a bookmaker I know. I sneak up behind him and hit him over the head three times with a rolled-up newspaper. He slumps to the ground. I take his pocketbook and run. I stop and drop the paper in a gutter. A pipe rolls out. I open the wallet. There's nothing in it. This always preys on my mind, and when I become a fighter I don't care how much punishment I take. One day I was the title and they throw me a big reception. I see this guy I hit at the party. He had never been killed." The autobiographer paused for effect. "How about that?" he said. "That's only part of the story."

Down East Historian **John Gould** applied last week to the selectmen of Lisbon Falls, Me. for a special permit to carry a slingshot. The selectmen took the application as a joke, but Gould insisted that for once he was being quite serious. Then the town fathers looked up the law and found that Maine specifically considers the slingshot a dangerous weapon. Carrying one concealed on the person is a violation subject to fine or imprisonment. Not wanting such a fine to befell the town's top celebrity, the Lisbon Falls selectmen convened in special session to grant Author Gould his permit.

It was almost like being back in the '20s, what with a member of the British royal family falling off a horse. But where the Prince of Wales used to do it

by accident, his sister-in-law, the **Duchess of Gloucester**, did it on purpose. Unable to restrain a new mount with more determination than ability in its headlong rush toward a high wire fence, the doughty duchess deliberately dove off, badly straining her knee. She celebrated her 63rd birthday Christmas Day wearing a cast from ankle to thigh.

Walter (Fritz) Mondula, Minnesota's new Senator and successor to Hubert Humphrey, is just one more product of a law office that collected athletes and spawned political celebrities. From the Minneapolis firm of Larson, Levinger, Lindquist, Freeman & Fraser have come former Minnesota Governor and present Secretary of Agriculture **Orville Freeman**, a Gopher quarterback in the 1930s, Federal Judge **Earl Larson**, one of the Twin Cities' ranking amateur golfers for years; and Congressman **Donald Fraser**, former Minnesota swimmer. Mondula himself captained his high school football and basketball teams as a 145-pound halfback and guard. His basketball team missed going to the state tournament only because another of its stars was injured feeding the hogs.

The best thing **Yogi Berra** ever did for Yankee infielder **Phil Linz** was to end his famous harmonica solo. Because of the attendant publicity, Linz is negotiating with a number of companies interested in manufacturing a harmonica shaped like a baseball bat and bearing Linz's signature. The deal already looks "fantastic," says Phil, but he's not signing any contracts until the price gets even better. One reason is that the Yankee front office doesn't like the arrangement, much preferring that everyone forget the whole incident. Yogi, however, approves. "The day after the harmonica thing," says Linz, "Yogi told me to take advantage of the publicity if I could. Heck, we're such good friends we're liable to wind up

partners." Linz envisions billboards depicting Berra restraining himself with a bottle of Yogi Hoo while Phil hits flat noses on his harmonica. "I can see the caption now," he says. "Don't blow your top, just drink our pop."

When unlucky-in-love **Princess Anne**, daughter of the Comte de Paris, finally announced her engagement to **Prince Juan Carlos de Borbon y Borbon**, no one gave the mode of courtship enough credit. According to official releases, the courting was conducted largely on horseback, a most romantic venue. Anne spent much of her summer at Ciudad Real, the royal days near Toledo, and Carlos left his bank-eldering in Madrid to join her there for many a summer afternoon of equestrian adventure. Since the marriage would unite royal houses pretending to the thrones of France and Spain, it was a clear case of two kingdoms for a horse.

There has been a lot of talk about what's wrong with baseball but, according to **Fidel Castro**, it's capitalism. To remedy this defect, the Maximum Empire installed his old University of Havana teammate **José Llanusa** as director of the Cuban Sports Institute. In that capacity Llanusa has just announced that Cuba will take it upon herself to teach baseball to the comrades in China, the Soviet Union and North Vietnam. One of Llanusa's objectives is to replenish Cuba's all-but-extinct supply of overseas competition. "Our problem," explains Llanusa in Marxist dialectic accented with Spanish dialect, "is that we are getting too good. Only United States professionals are better and we are not going to be playing them. We have made great progress. Our ballplayers are better because they have a better attitude. Before the revolution all they thought about was money, and then they would gamble it away."

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Abe Lemons and his poor ol' hongry farm boys

This country slicker from Cotton County recruits his lanky Chiefs with burgers and orange slush and produces strong teams that are fun to watch



The funniest man in basketball is Abe Lemons, the coach at Oklahoma City University. Lemons is lanky, naturally folksy and garrulous. He prefaces a reference to almost everybody with "ol'," but he never talks about himself in the third person—"ol' Abe"—the way other cracker-barrel sages do. In fact, Lemons is genuine enough to still be wearing galluses ("Remember, we was always sayin' you got your galluses creased") like all the barefoot boys used to buck in Walters, Okla., in Cotton County, down by the Red River. It was the Depression when A. E. Lemons Jr. grew up in Walters, so he really is by Will Rogers out of *The Grapes of Wrath*. But there is a strain of Park Avenue hillbilly here, too.

Lemons wears sharp-clothes and a diamond ring, and when he walks he often jinglejangles the loose change in his pocket. He has arranged a schedule for his team (and himself) that is as classy as anyone's. This year it includes Hawaii, Miami and New Orleans, with other big-city stops in between. When Lemons first contracted to play Miami he suggested to Coach Bruce Hale: "I et's play a home-and-home series, but let's play 'em both at your place."

"This is my metropolitan schedule," Lemons says. "I ain't much for them lit-

tle-bitty places you got to swap planes to get to. And I couldn't be in no conference. Why, there are places you just don't want to come back to."

Wherever they are playing, however, Lemons' teams are unpredictably exciting. They throw up a cursory defense, but shoot often and from all over. They are also invariably chock-full of colorful characters. One was even voted campus queen with the slogan, "Ain't he sexy, ain't he nice? Don't vote once, you vote twice." The current team is typical, featuring a 7-footer who sometimes plays guard, a full-blooded Delaware Indian, a line-drive shooter named Charley "Big Game" Hunter and one player Lemons signed up when he saw him literally jump right out of his shoes at a high school practice. The freshman team includes someone called Poor Devil and three players from Rocky, Okla. (pop. 350), where Lemons has already uncovered two All-Americans (Bud Koper and Gary Hill).

Lemons' teams are almost entirely made up of small-town players that nobody else wanted—or even knew about. Many of them are attracted by Lemons' own experience as a rural and indigent youth. The team is called the Chiefs and at least one Indian is usually around. (Lemons himself is one-eighth Cher-

okee.) "These Endans fouled up our whole program," Lemons explained once. "We had this course in basket-weavin' that we enrolled our players in, but these two Endans got the curve up so high, the others were flunkin' out."

Last year's starting lineup was without a redskin but was the tallest team in collegiate basketball history, averaging 6 feet 7½. This year Lemons can start a crew averaging 6 feet 8½, and he claims he has the tallest bench. He likes height, and he once just missed getting a 7-foot-3 player. The boy's name was Lem, and Ed Nall, the OCU sports information director, found him picking cotton somewhere back in the sticks. Nall called up Lemons—who immediately named the boy "Lem the Stem"—and then Lem was spirited off to Oklahoma City. Lem did not look too bright, so for openers Lemons asked Nall if Lem could read and write. Nall said he was pretty sure, because Lem had looked at a newspaper in the car. "Did he say anything?" Lemons asked. Nall said yes. Lem had, in fact, spoken once. Apparently referring to the price of potatoes, Lem had said, "Ain't 'aters high?" That was all. The next day, mercifully, Lem's mother called up and told Lemons: "Lem says he don't want to go to no school."

Lemons' most successful recruiting

coup was the landing of Hub Reed, his first of three All-Americans. "Farm boys get all embarrassed by this recruitin' fuss," Abe says. "Why, I recruited Hub just fishin' and with orange slush. I still think you can't do no better than a grape sody and a hamburger. See, hamburgers was a real treat back in Walters. If you had the meat, you didn't have no buns, so they wasn't real hamburgers. Anyway, Hub dropped by to see me one day after he graduated from high school, and I'm up at the gym. 'Shore I'll go fishin', Hub,' I said, though I ain't much for fishin'. I can't stand myself that long. Well, when we come back, the gym has burned down. That sorta took the edge off things."

"But Hub never changed his mind about comin' to OCU. That's the way it was in the country. A man's word was ever'thin'. Why, my daddy paid for a dead cow once 'cause he had agreed to buy that ol' cow before it died so quick. Before the NCAA made me sign all these contracts, the only agreement I had with a boy was a handshake. Some of them thought they was smart to get it written out and shore I give it to 'em. 'Course, they didn't know they was better off with just a handshake. To me, a handshake was a four-year obligation. A contract was written just for one."

"A lot of these big schools don't bother with these ol' farm boys. But these squirrels from the small towns, they ain't had no competition. You don't know how good they are. And they been playing varsity all along. In the cities, some ganglin' ol' boy with potential don't get a chance 'cause some boy more mature just gets there ahead of him. He's stronger, but he ain't goin' to get no better."

"Luckiest thang ever happened to me was I failed eighth grade. I grew late, and the only year I played was when I was 19, that extra year. If I hadn't of failed eighth grade, I never would of played on the team, and I'd be back sweepin' the streets in Walters now." Lemons has not forgotten Walters, nor that possibility. His student manager is invariably from there, on a basketball scholarship, and he is usually the son of an old friend.

Lemons himself won a scholarship to Southwestern Oklahoma ("My daddy had two dollars and he gave me one when I left"), where he lived on mayonnaise and mustard sandwiches. Food is not

something Lemons worries about. All-America Reed ate pies before a game, All-America Koper ate cheeseburgers. "All these poor ol' farm boys of mine are hungry. They're like chickens—turn on the lights and they start eatin'. But when some of these squirrels come to me and want to eat like Hub, I tell 'em to get their scorin' average up 'fore they start eatin' what they want."

Lemons left Southwestern after a year to become an officer in the merchant marine. First, he had tried the Air Force. "Well, this ol' boy said, 'You got to have a name.' And I said, 'My name is A.E.' He said, 'That ain't no name, it's just letters.' But it was good enough for my daddy, and when they give it to me they didn't count on any squirrely complications. There wasn't no Commosists to worry about. So how you gonna forge a birth certificate? I went back and wrote a 'b' in between the 'a' and the 'e.' I thought on it later. I could have put a 'c' in and been 'Ace.'"

After the war, Lemons got married (he and his pretty wife Betty Jo have two daughters) and somehow ended up at Oklahoma City as a 24-year-old freshman. He became the school's career high scorer (7.1 points per game), and then was appointed assistant coach at graduation. He was named head coach in 1955. His teams of small-town boys have since won more than 60% of the games on

their far-flung schedule. Four of the nine Lemons teams have made the NCAA tournament, one the NIT. This year's team is off to a bright 7-1 start.

Friends say that Lemons has mellowed, but he is so naturally quick and witty that he can be brutally sarcastic when he wants to turn his humor in that direction. He saves most of his cynicism for officials now. Lemons loses as hard as any coach, the only difference being that he will usually come up with some quips to satisfy the press (and compliment his opponent).

In the OCU student union—where Lemons spends some time almost every day, bantering with the students—Guard Dick Bagby came up to him recently and reported he had a cold. "That's probably a draft from all them ol' boys rushin' past you with the ball," Lemons said. Then Gary Gray, the Delaware, came by and said he had a cold too. "Good," Lemons said, confounding Gray. "Endins play best with colds." "Yeah?" asked Gray, a smart young prelaw student who should not have been fooled so easily—even momentarily. Gray introduced his father, who complained that his son had not played enough in the last game. "Why, Mr. Gray," Abe said, "if you'd just tole me you'd come up here to see yore boy play, I would of played him the whole game. Why, you just should of tole me."

"You got to be careful with parents," Abe explained later. "You tell 'em their ol' boy is good, they be in the next mornin' with their feet up on yore desk. The worst is the mothers, if they ever light into you. Now this one come at me once, 'cause her boy lost a tooth in practice. And I tole her what happened. I said, her little-hitty boy had come up behind this big 'un with the ball and shoved him, and so the big 'un just turned around and there goes the tooth. 'Now, ma'am, I said, 'I had tole yore boy, stay away from the big 'un when he has the ball.' But she was still mad. If a coachin' job ever opens up at the orphan's home, I'm goin' to take it."

But he won't. Abe Lemons has turned down other offers so he could stay at OCU, where he is also his own athletic director and secretary and sweeps out his own office. He may be the happiest coach in America as well as the funniest. "This game ain't gotten too squirrely for us country boys yet," Abe says.

END



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Some who cannot see, see best

During last year's Summer Nationals, play in the team event was running very late at some tables despite the pleas of the tournament directors. To emphasize the point, the lights in the ballroom were turned out for a few moments. As anguished cries arose, Dr. Louis Weber, a Chicago chiropractor whose seeing-eye dog has learned his way around at bridge tournaments, asked the others at the table what had happened.

"Good!" she said when she heard the explanation. "Now we're even. Let's go right on playing."

Dr. Weber is one of several blind players who, using Brailled cards, have won experts ranking. Of these, the best known is Dr. Arthur M. Dye, a practicing osteopath in Charlotte, N.C. Dr. Dye is the first blind player to achieve the rank of Life Master, highest rating of the American Contract Bridge League.

Most players are aided in keeping track of cards that have been played by a process of visual memory. The picture of each trick is stored away in the mind

they need to ask what cards are left in dummy. This week's hand shows Dr. Dye's skill.

After West opened the bidding with one heart, Dr. Dye, sitting South, reached a contract of four spades. West led his top diamonds, Dr. Dye ruffing the third round. He then crossed to dummy's king of clubs and finessed against East for the jack of trumps, a play that was suggested by East's known shortage in hearts. When the finesse won, he continued with three more high trumps to exhaust East.

Dr. Dye now considered two plans that might bring home his contract. The first was to play two more rounds of clubs, in hopes that West would have to win the third club trick and lead away from his king of hearts. But West had thought a moment before playing the jack of clubs on declarer's lead to dummy's king. Unless he had begun with all three missing honors in clubs, he would be able to escape the endplay by dropping the queen under South's ace. And had he held all three honors, he might have dumped the queen of clubs on the third lead of spades and jettisoned the 10 when South led a fourth trump. So Dr. Dye discarded this plan and turned his consideration to the heart suit.

It was possible, though hardly likely, that East had started with the lone king of hearts. Mathematically more attractive was the chance that he had either the singleton jack or 10. On this reasoning, South led the queen of hearts. West covered with the king and declarer played low from dummy, listening eagerly for East to name the card he would play to the trick.

When East called "the jack," Dr. Dye was home. He won the return of the club queen with his ace, led a heart toward dummy and successfully finessed the 9. The ace of hearts provided a discard for his remaining club, and the blind expert had brought home his contract just as if he had seen every card in the opponents' hands.

END

SOUTH		
♦ 7		
♥ A 9 7 3 2		
♠ 10 7 5 4		
♣ K 5 3		
WEST		
♦ K 5		
♥ K 10 8 6 4		
♠ A K Q		
♣ Q J 7		
EAST		
♦ J 9 6 1		
♥ J		
♠ J 8 5 2		
♣ 10 9 8 2		
SOUTH		
♦ A K Q 10 3 2		
♥ Q 5		
♠ 4 3		
♣ A 6 1		

and can be summoned back by the player who wishes to stop and take stock. Thus, a good player is careful to watch every card played because he knows the axioms: "You cannot remember what you did not see." Yet there are some players, such as Dr. Dye, who cannot see and still manage to remember clearly which cards have been played. They do it with their ears and fingertips and rarely do

A fine adjustment for the finicky player

The flexibility of club shafts is usually rated in four categories: A for whippy, R for regular, S for stiff and X for extra stiff. Or, as my company, MacGregor, does it: 3 for whippy, 2 for regular, 1 for stiff and X for extra stiff. When a golfer buys a new set of clubs he will be asked which rating he prefers. For the weekend player, greater whippiness will produce greater distance, but at the cost of accuracy. In general, if you are between 15 and 35 years old and break 90 you can function best with the S shaft, but each player must decide for himself what he needs and prefers. There is one way, however, for an especially demanding golfer to come up with an excellent combination of shafts. My former golf coach at

Ohio State, Bob Kepler, is one who employs this ingenious system. He figures that his long irons must supply distance, his short irons accuracy. In his woods he uses a stiff shaft, but in his long irons (Nos. 2 and 3) he has a whippy A shaft. With this shaft he is able to get more distance and a higher trajectory on his shots. In his middle irons (Nos. 4 to 6) he uses an R shaft, and in his short irons, where accuracy is vital, he uses an S shaft. This is a very sound idea, though not many weekend golfers are going to be in a position to have clubs hand-tailored in this fashion. I myself employ yet another variation on Kepler's theme. I have had an X shaft taken from a driver, cut down and put in my pitching wedge.

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TIME/LIFE



INTO



Sun Valley has long been a glittering American dream—and a money loser. But now a pair of hardheaded California businessmen, Ed (left) and Bill Janss, have come riding . . .

THE VALLEY OF FUN

BY BOB OTTUM

CONTINUED



Sun Valley attracts the famous, near-famous and unknown the year round. Fisherman Gary Conyer was a frequent visitor to its streams.

To understand Sun Valley one must first appreciate that it is a ski resort where skiing ranks second, maybe even third. The valley is a lot of other things: a Swiss village hidden up there somewhere in Idaho, a feeling, a mood, girls in tight pants, sleigh bells, Sonya Henie and an old concrete lodge. It is part of the American subconscious, and anyone who has never been there knows deep inside that one day he must see Sun Valley, just as he must see the Washington Monument or Greenwich Village. The valley is a glamorous playground, the seed Riviera of all U.S. resorts. Beautiful people cavort there. It has movie stars and those who look like movie stars, Austrian ski instructors with white teeth and burnt umber faces, and pine trees with soft snow clinging to them.

For 28 years Sun Valley has been a very special place. The Union Pacific Railroad built it, and Steve Hannagan, the flack of all flacks, made it a dream. He moved the sheep out and the celebrities in. Ernest Hemingway came, bought a home and did a lot of hunting, practically no skiing and an awful lot of drinking there. The valley became the backdrop for some of the most scenic and least dramatic movies ever released. Claudette Colbert made it fashionable by coming there to shoot *She Met Him in Paris*, and Glenn Miller came with the band and played *It Happened in Sun Valley* while young Sonja pranced around the rink in that fluffy little costume and those Nordic dimples. There were rich heiresses and poor heiresses and the Miami Beach girls who came to gamble and get divorced. When Sun Valley opened in December 1936, David O. Selznick belted Banker Charles F. Glorie in the eye, and Hannagan saw that it made all the wires. Newspapers were big on that sort of thing, and the valley produced copy for years. June Allyson and Burt Lancaster and Sam Goldwyn and Louis Armstrong played there. So did Robert Young, Tommy Hitchcock, the Studebakers and Clark Gable. Norma Shearer stayed on to marry Ski Instructor Marty Arrouge, the first of many such international matches. Party girl Virginia Hill came and paid for everything with \$100 bills she carried around in a shoe box. The Shah of Iran skied at Sun Valley, accompanied by a bodyguard who toted a gun and fell down a lot. Eventually everybody who read papers or sang songs or went to movies somehow ended up with a piece of Sun Valley in his heart.

Everything was serene at this snowbound stage setting until early last fall, when stones began going around that the Union Pacific—still the losing landlord of all this *Ge-müthlichkeit*—was getting out. The first rumor was that Walt Disney was buying the place and in no time Sun Valley would be transformed into Disneyland North. Residents shivered. Then it was announced, officially, that the Janss Corporation, a monster southern California land-developing outfit, had bought the valley, and the residents froze with fear. "The queen is dead," one Northwest ski writer penned in despair. An epidemic of property-value stomach developed around Ketchum, the little town in the

valley. Movie Actress Ann Sothern, one of the area's scenic wonders, got right on the phone and called the Janus people to demand assurance they were not going to install a slum next to her almost-Austrian chalet. Sun Valley hangers-on protested that theirs was a well-established emotional institution and that you can't just buy that sort of thing, even if you are a monster from Los Angeles.

But that was in the autumn. Now, with the fresh snow falling and the stretch pants stretching, it is clear that the old queen of winter resorts is going to survive her rather unregal change of hands. The snug, all-enclosed atmosphere of the valley has not diminished. The food is good. The hell-boys at the Sun Valley Lodge are in new uniforms, but as quick as ever. Lovely women still sweep through the lobby in cerise and mauve pants, trailing a trace of Chanel. There is still hot spiced tea in the afternoon, the ski instructors still make feminine hearts go clippety-glump and there still is music and dancing till night. So rewarding is the outlook in fact, that some Sun Valley property owners have even begun talking in sweeping terms about this wonderful new company ("We were never really worried there. Nope. Not for a minute") that is channeling more than \$30 million into the resort and the Idaho economy. The estimates of the local residents may be a little high—that much money would probably buy every fireplug, house, picket fence building and pump handle in all of Ketchikan—but such is the talk of a town so long turned inward from the rest of the world.

What has set the worries of Sun Valley to rest is a confrontation with the California monster that bought it and the discovery that Janus Corp. is really two craggy-faced men, Edwin and Bill Janus, who have both the means and the intention to care for the place dearly. The Janus brothers already have considerable third-generation wealth, which they are building into a fourth-generation fortune. They own properties all over the place: a new resort spread in Hawaii, a city, some ranches, golf courses and another resort in California, a mountain in Aspen, Colo. They regard themselves as "forward-thrust" businessmen, and tough ones, too. This is the first time they have ever bought a mood.

One crisp, clear day last month Ed Janus flew into Hailey, Idaho in his \$60,000 Cessna 310, and Bill Janus arrived from another direction in his own Cessna. They drove through the new snow to Sun Valley and looked around at Baldy Mountain with its spider web of ski runs, the tight little village, the grand old lodge. "All this," said Ed, "is something wonderfully mysterious. I'm not quite sure we bought the resort, really. I can't escape the feeling we are holding it in trust. This whole place has somehow been woven into the fabric of American life. It's a unique thing. Give it a thought-association test. Say 'ski resort' and people will answer 'Sun Valley.' We can all feel it. Sometimes it snows pure nostalgia up here."

"There is a mood," says Bill Janus, who has been hooked on Sun Valley since he raced for the Harriman Cup and



Ernest Hemingway, here with Son Gregory in 1941, found the valley suited his taste for tranquillity in a special kind of place.

honeymooned there in 1940. "We bought a cluster of buildings and a flair, and we inherited old Steve Harriman's legacy of sunshine on the snow and everybody standing around in shorts all tanned and glistening. We started out a year ago to do an in-depth study on this place. We were consultants for Union Pacific. Then one day we realized the place was so perfect and had so much potential that we ought to buy it."

Others had tried to buy Sun Valley and had been turned aside by the railroad, which seemed to be content with the resort as a guaranteed money-lover and tax write-off. One Janus official swears that Union Pacific board meetings were always opened with the words, "Well, gentlemen, how much shall we budget for our Sun Valley losses this year?" When the railroad unexpectedly suggested the Janus brothers take it over, there was no hesitation. "We had already sold ourselves on the deal," says Ed Janus.

Together Ed and Bill Janus blend into the Sawtooth Mountain backdrop and semisweet Swiss architecture better than anybody since the mid-1930s, when a young, slick-haired Averell Harriman began to make things happen in Sun Valley. Ed Janus, 50, has the look an advertising agency would build a campaign around—an air of relaxed authority. His face is permanently tanned and weathered, his hair close-cropped and worn as though someone had just walked through it. His shirts are monogrammed at both chest and cuff, and his suits are clearly expensive but so ingeniously rumpled that he always manages to look as if he just stepped out of a train wreck. Bill is

continued

four years younger and will achieve the full mountain-country look in time. But already he is pretty potent stuff. When he first arrived at the valley as co-owner the staff was understandably solicitous and eager to make a good impression. Dorice Taylor, chief of the publicity bureau, stepped up to say something appropriate and murmured instead, "Why, he has the *bluest* eyes I have ever seen in my life."

Thus stunted by nature to the Sun Valley mood and manner, the brothers began moving in on the main problem, how to pick the place up and point it in a new, moneymaking direction, yet make it appear as though not much had happened. This amounts to high-level financial plastic surgery. Sun Valley has plenty of land (4,800 acres) in its mountain notch. The sun pours into it most of the time, and there are days, as Publicist Hannagan promised, when everybody stands around in shorts and glistens. Baldy Mountain is already well served by lifts and has wide-sweeping ski runs for intermediates and experts, while the hackers have a smaller mountain all to themselves. But many of the main trails get lumpy in heavy traffic, and by midafternoon on busy days the effect can be one of skiing off the side of a gigantic golf ball. Powder snow has always been in short supply at the valley—Baldy faces the wrong way—but starting next season skiers are going to get this kind of snow. The powder-snow fields, some 1,000 acres of them, lie thick behind Baldy on the Warm Springs Run. Janss' path-

finders have surveyed the section and mapped new ski trails. "The trees will be carefully trimmed out—not in the old-time slash-a-trail style," says Bill Janss. "We will leave clusters of trees to add the element of seclusion and mystery for skiers." In the spring a \$400,000 lift will link top and bottom. Other lifts and trails will interconnect the entire mountain area and, in seasons to come, skiers will be riding up to newly opened sections that fan out from all sides of the meadow floor.

First touches of the new proprietorship have already appeared on the hillsides with the installation of hot-air mittens and boot warmers, an idea the corporation stole from men's rooms everywhere. Sun Valley offhandedly refers to them as "vail blowers," a not-so-subliminal suggestion that it gets in awful lot colder in Colorado. New hooded capes have been added to each chair lift to keep upward-bound skiers warm, and the chairs have been upholstered with foam-rubber cushions.

The brothers have been busy back at the village, too. Everything has been repainted in soft loden greens and mustard tones, and the lobby of the lodge has been remodeled. On one pre-season inspection trip Bill Janss strolled down to the cavernlike boiler room underneath the lodge and pronounced it just right for a rathskeller. He called in the decorators. "Paint the ceiling blue," he ordered. "Exactly the color of this golf shirt I have on." They mixed up some



The rolling ranchland at Conzo, on which Ed once plowed farmers, has become a self-cultivated Eden where the Janss family owns almost everything to the horizon. Ed's house is on a hill overlooking it all.

paint and matched it. "Do not touch anything else," said Janss. "We'll screen off the boilers with big cloth panels and then shine spotlights on them so they show through. We will put in a bar—over there, against the wall—and serve beer and corned-beef sandwiches." Brother Ed called up from Los Angeles. "You ever hear of a steel band?" he inquired. "I have just heard the greatest one ever. They play Calypso and anything you want. I had them for a party at the house, and I've signed them for the season at Sun Valley." "Fine," said Bill. "I've got just the place for them to play." The whole thing is kooky enough to make the Boiler Room the Peppermint Lounge of the ski world.

But the brothers still have a mountainful of problems ahead. For all its neo-European charm, Sun Valley has always been hard to reach. In the Union Pacific's day it was called 2,618 rail miles from New York City. There has been air service, but none of the connections with the main incoming flights to Salt Lake City, Twin Falls or Boise, Idaho have ever been very good. When asked by the Janss brothers about this, the airlines showed no desire to adjust their schedules. "Well, now," mused Bill (and I was one of those real loud muses that gets all the way to airline vice-presidents), "we could always buy our own airline and feed people into the valley." Suddenly the air connections got much better.

The Sun Valley sequence—study a property, buy it, treat it tenderly and make money from it—follows a Janss family method for big business advancement that dates back to 1899 and Peter Janss, who was Bill's and Ed's grandfather and one of the West Coast's first big real estate wheel-dealers. "He was a country doctor, just a general practitioner, I think," says Bill Janss. "Sometimes he would take pieces of land for his fee. Then he began buying property east of Los Angeles. By 1911 he had control of something like 47,000 acres in the San Fernando Valley and was an established figure."

Dr. Peter had two sons, Harold and Edwin Janss Sr., and he taught them well. Edwin became a doctor, and both he and Harold started using the land their father had accumulated. By 1928 they were building Westwood Village in Los Angeles, the nation's first planned "urban core" community. Then Dr. Edwin went north and talked the University of California into establishing UCLA in the village. "After that," recalls Ed, "his civic duty was fulfilled, and the doctor bought UCLA a football team. I think they were a bunch of practically professional gorillas. He paid for their first season. He bought all their food and put them up at a military academy off the campus. I can't remember how they made out." Dr. Edwin also fathered Ed Jr. and Bill, and his family's sense of enterprise was passed along to the brothers.

Looking back on it, Ed says: "I had a real choice in life. I could become either a playboy or a dilettante. I went to Stanford for two years—where I organized the school's first ski team—and then I transferred to Davis Agricultural College. I was the only kid in school who operated a string

of Thoroughbred racing horses on the side. I was 20 years old and I had 25 horses running. I was the youngest owner in the country. Those were pretty wild days." Wild perhaps, but routinely wild. Soon Ed was at loose ends. The family money was being channeled into stock investments. Father Edwin was settling down. There wasn't anything to do.

"I said to myself, 'Can you work?'" Ed recalls now. "And the answer was, 'I don't know how.' Well, then, 'Can you farm?' I figured perhaps I could, so I moved out to the family ranch in Conejo Valley in Ventura County, about 40 miles from Los Angeles. I didn't know anything about farming, really; but I had 10,000 acres and a maid and butler and breakfast in bed every morning, and I faked the rest. I used to say to my foreman, 'Well, what do you think we ought to do today?' And he would reply, 'Oh, maybe we ought to plow.' Or cut hay, or something like that. And I would say, 'That sounds like a hell of an idea,' and that's how I learned to farm."

The Conejo countryside was gentle and rolling. It was like the homestead scene in a thousand cowboy movies where Dad steps down from the covered wagon, squints out at the mountains and lowlands and decides that this must be the place. It was so lush and so slow that it exhausted Ed early. And Los Angeles was just over the next couple of hills, looking in his direction. So in 1957 Ed built some houses in Conejo.

"People bought them right away," Ed recalls with great satisfaction. "They seemed to want to settle there. I found another 50 acres of land, bought it at \$500 an acre and divided it into 96 lots. I sold—got this—I sold the lots for \$3,500 each in one day. One day. That was the fastest quarter million I ever made."

Brother Bill, meanwhile, had been following an independent course. He went to Stanford, skied in Europe, raced at Sun Valley and was picked as an alternate on the U.S. Olympic team in 1940, the year the Games were canceled because of the war. Bill eventually moved to Thermal, Calif., to operate one of the family holdings, a cattle-feeding station, and became an educated, blue-eyed, rich cow-puncher. ("You know what?" says Bill. "Those were wonderful days. I used to get out there on horses and move those cows around. I mean really punch the boundaries. But I never have time to ride anymore.") One day Uncle Harold, who was beginning to feel that Janss money unspent was Janss money saved, went over the cattle station's books and cracked, "What's this item here? Five dollars for a pair of spurs?" With that, Bill quit the family businesses until the day came in 1954 when Dr. Edwin, Ed and Bill bought out Uncle Harold by selling Westwood Village and paying him off in cash. Now Bill was back into the family operations.

Expansion began in all directions. Conejo became a self-contained city with its own business area and own sewer plant. The whole operation set some kind of record for California zoning procedures, and other realtors moved in around the fringes to get some share of the enormous

continued

profits. But guess who they must pay to hook into the sewer lines?

When Dr. Edwin retired, the third generation was replaying the theme of the first two. "Dad was a little worried about the new portent of aggressiveness that we were showing," says Ed with a smile. And when Ed himself went over the books one day and saw that Bill had bought, not a \$5 pair of spurs, but a 4,000-acre ranch in Aspen, Colo.,—he didn't say a word. "I suspected it wasn't for cattle," he admits.

The 4,000 acres gave the brothers access to 8,000 additional acres of sking mountain, the biggest such spread in North America. They call it Snowmass, and in another year it will be developed as a multimillion-dollar project in the Aspen complex. A complete Janss village will go into the high mountain slope: ski lodges, hotels, shops, homesites, cash registers. The Aspen Ski Corporation, recognizing its big new neighbor, has put Bill on its board of directors. "I think maybe they wanted to know what I was up to," he says. They know now.

The monster, Janss Corporation, is producing other little monsters, too. At Kaanapali Beach on Maui the brothers are building a \$60 million resort, moving beaches, converting swamps into softly lighted lagoons ("You can light a lagoon at night. You can't light the ocean," Ed points out matter-of-factly) and installing an 18-hole golf course. They have chosen the symbol of a happy whale for this whale-size resort. (The Janss brothers are big on symbols.) In August of this year Ed and Bill bought 4,600 acres at Lake Nacimiento, near Paso Robles, Calif., for still another resort, and they hold options on 35,000 more acres of California land that is tagged for future development.

Even the cattle-feeding business, now the biggest of its kind in the country, is making money. "And to think they used to call me Crazy Bill," says Bill, who is doing a \$15 million-a-year volume making skinny cows fat. It is not an easy operation. The jet set gathers for golf and tennis in Palm Springs and El Dorado, a few miles across the valley floor, and a strong wind from the stockyards can make a millionaire's eyes water and ruin his game. Bill has solved that. He has installed high, reedlike tubes over the yards and he pumps perfume through them. "It really works," he explains. "It crases everything. One day we mixed up a batch of My Vice, or something like that, and it wafted over there and I hate to think what happened."

Bill is actually perfuming his own home, for he lives in Palm Springs in a long, low, native-stone, polished-wood-and-glass house tucked into the mountainside. He and wife Anne also keep an apartment in Los Angeles and are building a home in Aspen. One of Janss's two daughters is a Stanford sophomore and a son is prepping at Exeter. Bill commutes among all of these sites in his Cessna, setting it on course with the automatic pilot and using the flight time to read mail and write letters.

Ed Janss and his wife Virginia live at the Congo ranch in a rambling home on a high bluff overlooking their city,

their golf course and their stables—he still runs horses and, like all Janss enterprises, the stable pays its own way. The house rambles because Virginia has remodeled it every year for 20 years, and now it sprawls in a full circle enclosing a patio and garden. It has five bedrooms and two living rooms and is so full of Ed's modern art collection—one of the best in the U.S.—that there are original oils in all five bathrooms. Ed recently put more pressure on the wall space by returning from New York with a Jackson Pollock worth \$75,000 or more. So extensive are his modern art holdings that some are in traveling exhibits, the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art has others, Janss offices around the world abound with even more and, finally, Ed's garage is littered with the overflow.

Last year Ed and Bill Janss made themselves co-chairmen of the board of their corporation, and the man they made president, Vic Palmieri, states the credo of the entire operation well. "It is quite simple," he says. "Society is changing and its tastes are improving. It demands a new leisure setting. Urban anxiety is making resorts more important. We are in a position to turn Janss Corporation's city-building capabilities into resort building. But in doing so, we do not intend to recreate the Miami Beach failure, that is, where people are alternately fed to death and sunned to death.

"The resort business until now has been too full of clichés. Most land developers are doing little more than cutting up land in the old way. This is like breaking a trust for the future. Thus, when the Sun Valley purchase came up, it fitted directly into our master plan."

The Janss brothers say that the Sun Valley master plan includes much more than skiing. They envision a Sun Valley of the future that will be a cultural headquarters, an intellectual watering hole in the western mountains. It will borrow from the Aspen Institute programs in offering seminars and institutes as mental challenges for business-weary executives, and physical reconditioning as well. "The valley will change, but not outwardly," says Palmieri. "In another year there will be 50 new cottages at the resort—completely blended into the background—and we will have started on a golf course and a new scheme of shopping centers. But the character will be preserved."

Last month Ed and Bill Janss passed their first Sun Valley character test.

"I was in the Los Angeles office," says Ed, "when one of the big Hollywood movie producers called. This producer knew we had bought the resort, and he said, 'I've got this great script for a Sun Valley movie, Ed baby. It will make Sun Valley more famous than ever.' Would I read the scenario and give the go-ahead? I told him to send it over."

"The first page of the script described a Sun Valley setting. Then in strolls this bosomy blonde. She is wearing a sweater described as two sizes too small. She comes walking by this ski rack and . . ." Ed smiles. "And I closed the script right there and rejected it. It is not the kind of mood, the kind of atmosphere, we want for Sun Valley. What are these people trying to do—run our beautiful image?" **END**



A man who believes society is made to be used in a more sophisticated way of leisure, Ed Jones has become a collector of modern art as well as major sports. Behind him is Robert Rauschenberg's Night Hawk.

Basketball's Week

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

A team that grabs more rebounds than its opponent often grabs victory as well. This last week, when Clyde Lee of Vanderbilt tied a school record with 26 rebounds, the Commodores came from 11 points behind to defeat Miami of Ohio 74-68. San Francisco's unbeaten Dons dominated the boards 58 rebounds to 38 and beat Utah State 86-71. Those teams that did not rebound so well suffered the consequences, and so one suffered twice—for a while—than Oregon Coach Steve Belkin. After two humiliating home-court losses to Kansas (92-58) and Stanford (74-56), Belkin lamented, "We'd have some pretty good rebounders—if they had flipper on top of their heads." Then, for the first time this year, the Ducks did control the boards, 53-39, and they defeated Purdue 92-76 in the first round of the Far West Classic in Portland.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SAN FRANCISCO (9-0)
2. UCLA (8-1) 3. BRIGHAM YOUNG (9-2)

TENNESSEE, which has lost just three home games in two years, showed that it could be tough on the road, too. The Volunteers capitalized on 58 rebounds and a multitude of Portland mistakes for a 70-59 win in the Far West Classic.

The Hawaii Manned beat Utah State 94-91 an overtime on the first day of Honolulu's Rainbow Classic. Wayne Estes supplied most of the Aggie scoring punch with 42 points, but the most effective punch came from Gene Anna, head of the Hawaiian basketball officials. Following the game, Ladd Anderson of Utah State had a few words to say to Anna, who promptly floored the coach with one blow. Earlier in the week Estes sank 11 of 14 foul shots in an 86-73 win against San Jose State. Estes is not the country's best foul shooter by accident. He practiced all summer, once sinking 165 in a row.

PACIFIC surprised Arizona State 92-87 and then, in the WCAC tournament, stopped Loyola of L.A. 67-61. In a meeting of Santas during Christmas week, SANTA CLARA defeated Santa Barbara in the WCAC tournament 91-69.

Both WYOMING and UCLA got fine performances from their stars and unexpected help from a pair of new starters. Dynamic Flynn Robinson of the Cowboys scored 26 points against Idaho State and then took a rest, which he could afford because reserve Dick Wilkinson scored 27 points in his first start. It all added up to a 104-64 Wyoming victory. California was more troublesome, and Robinson had to be at his best to submerge a 75-74 win. UCLA's Gail Goodrich had 28 points in an 84-75 victory over USC, but it was the play of 6-foot-6 sophomore Edgar Lacey that was most exciting. Lacey sank seven of 12 held goal tries and six of seven foul shots, grabbed 10 rebounds and did a dazzling all-round job.

UTAH'S Redskins, the most prolific scorers in the land, needed 20 points from substitute Grady Lish to overcome Santa Clara

87-83. Army, too, gave the Redskins some nervous moments before succumbing 87-65.

Playing what Coach Stan Watts termed its greatest game, BRIGHAM YOUNG (9-2) smothered Ohio State 112-71. BOSTON COLLEGE converted 32 of 40 free throws for a 78-62 win over St. Mary's.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DUKE (9-1)
2. VANDERBILT (8-2) 3. DAVIDSON (8-0)

VANDERBILT'S Clyde Lee did more than rebound against Miami of Ohio (68-74); he also tossed in 25 points. But it was Roger Schung who ignited the Commodores by coming off the bench late in the first half and sinking five quick field goals.

TENNESSEE, playing another road game against Florida State in Memphis, disrupted the Seminole offense with its zone defense and smothered off with a 65-43 win.

Several teams used second-half scoring spurts to earn their victories. GEORGIA TECH

popped in 54 points in the second half as it trounced William & Mary 91-73. GEORGIA sank 52 points to pad out a 93-73 win over Clemson and DAVIDSON came through with 48 to defeat Virginia 86-74. ALABAMA, however, started fast by sinking seven of its first 11 shots as it downed Richmond 80-70. NATTLE made itself at home in the South by dumping Memphis State 89-77. FLORIDA handed a surprisingly lackluster North Carolina club its fourth loss 73-54.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (8-0)
2. WISCONSIN STATE (8-0) 3. MINNESOTA (8-0)

One of the leading trends this year has been the increased use of multiple defenses—zones, presses and combinations. A prime example has been the shift at INDIANA, a squad that was 9-15 last season but which is now 7-0. Coach Branch McCracken admits that at first his Hoosiers used their new pressing zone as a "psychological gimmick." Part of the psychology—and part of the growing vogue across the country—has been to switch from one defense to another by means of a system of keys that prevents opponents from knowing what to expect. Notre Dame was clearly befuddled, committing 21 errors as it lost to Indiana 107-81.

Even Adolph Rupp had his Kentucky crew using a sagging zone against ST. LOUIS. It was effective until the Billikens rallied for an 80-75 triumph. ST. LOUIS uses tactics all its own—part zone, part "karate" defense—and a week earlier, aggressiveness cost the Bills 10 offensive fouls in a 90-71 win over Princeton. It was a rugged homecoming for Missourian Bill Bradley of the Tigers, who scored 34 points but had to get most of them the hard way by cashing in on 20 of 21 fouls.

SICHIGAN, another team that knows how to play rough, beat Butler 99-81. MINNESOTA looked more and more like a genuine threat to the Wolverines in the Big Ten race as it humbled Loyola of Chicago 89-75. Loyola of New Orleans took on MICHIGAN STATE and lost 94-70. PURDUE, with Doug Schellhase getting 41 points, came from 20 behind to overhaul Ohio University 79-73. Ohio later made good on 13 straight foul shots to finish off slumping Northwestern 88-67. Good foul shooting also helped in PAUL take care of Seattle 91-77. IOWA State found a way to stop Walt Wesley of KANSAS. Two or three Cyclones hovered around Wesley all the time, but while they held him to 13 points Al Lopes and Rance Loehmann dropped in shots from the corners and KANSAS came out on top in the first round of the Big Eight tournament 72-55. KANSAS STATE'S Ron Parson scored 22 points, most of them on 15- and 20-foot jumpers, in a 75-65 tournament win against Alabama. There was hardly a victor to the Midwest that could win. Army tried a freeze against MAYTOK and lost 41-33. Denver and Oregon State came to CINCINNATI and were beaten 99-64 and 71-56. Previously unbeaten SE.

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SAILING GRACEFULLY toward basket, USF's Ross Gurnea eludes Utah State defense.

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

Bonaventure helped XAVIER fittingly commemorate its new three-digit scoreboard by losing 100-78. Only OKLAHOMA CITY (page 45), an 82-79 winner over Creighton, and LOUISVILLE, which thumped Bradley 82-74, had any success on trips to the Midwest.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (9-0) 2. ST. JOSEPH'S (6-0) 3. PROVIDENCE (7-0)

Three of the eight remaining undefeated teams were Easterners but they had to hustle to stay that way. PROVIDENCE owed its 78-65 win over Bowling Green to good foul shooting. The Falcons matched Providence's 29 field goals and got 33 points from Bob Dwyer, but could not come close to the Friars' 20 points at the foul line. Two nights later the Falcons had one more field goal than ST. JOSEPH'S but were outscored in free throws 22-14 and lost 60-54. VILLANOVA beat ST. FRANCIS 101-58. In the Quaker City Tournament in Philadelphia the Wildcats had to rally to defeat Penn 52-47, and St. Joseph's got a superb performance from sophomore Cliff Anderson, who scored 24 points and set a tournament record with 26 rebounds, as it ran away from Holy Cross 82-63.

WISCONSIN STATE set all sorts of Quaker City records as it beat Penn 109-58, a marker also won in the first round over NYU 102-79 as Skip Thoren primped in 25 points. Jim Barry had 27 points in a 97-85 out-of-control win over Columbia, and Jim Williams scored 30 as TEMPLE got past Penn 73-59.

Walt Wesley of KANSAS connected for 36 points against St. John's. He picked up 12 in the first four minutes and then, when the Redmen moved ahead with 10 minutes left, he got hot again. Four spinning jump shots from the pivot in the next three minutes led the Jayhawkers to a 71-56 win.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (3-0) 2. HOUSTON (0-0) 3. TEXAS A&M (0-0)

Rhode Island's run-and-shoot tactics took momentum by surprise, and the Cougars had to regroup to pull out a 74-68 victory. "We were unable to press 'em," explained Houston Coach Guy Lewis. "There are more teams pressing than ever and, as a result, it's harder for us to press back. In that respect, this may be the season of change."

Speaking of his team's 85-83 win over Colorado, TEXAS TECH Coach Gene Gibson said, "We kept them off pace by switching from man-to-man to zone." About his star, 5-foot-10 Dub Malone, who had 31 points, Gibson added, "He keeps us moving."

MISSOURI was kept moving by Ned Monsees, who scored 32 points to help beat Rice 81-72. The next night, however, the Tigers were cut down by SMU's zone and some late scoring, 78-73. CENTURARY, another team with a good zone, forced TCU into errors and won 84-75.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE MAN

Sirs:

Congratulations on the selection of Ken Venturi as Sportsman of the Year and the excellent article about him (Dec. 21). The story of Ken's comeback is one of the most inspiring I've ever read.

As they say, golf is a humblin' game.

JOSEPH GAMBATESI

Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

You've just got to be kidding! Ken Venturi is a tremendous individual and, no doubt, Sportsman of the Year. Why, he wasn't even the best golfer in 1954! One thing is for certain: he does have the most beautiful wife in sports, doesn't he?

JOHN DOWNS

Sanita Barbara, Calif.

Sirs:

I should have thought your ridiculous pick last year would have led you to a sensible Sportsman, but apparently not.

THOMAS H. GORLY

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

I find it unfortunate that your choice of the Sportsman of the Year is a professional. During the past year the Winter and Summer Olympic Games were held, the Davis Cup Challenge Round was played and the America's Cup was defended. In these events hundreds, probably thousands, of men and women competed at a sacrifice to themselves in time and money. These people are the basis of any sport, and in a year in which they dominated the athletic scene I feel that your choice should have come from their ranks.

MICHAEL SHOURMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Your man was the one natural candidate for Sportsman of the Year honors. I stood at the 11th tee in that shimmering cauldron and watched Venturi literally pulled up the incline to the elevated surface of the tee. He could scarcely walk. Few that close expected him to be the Open champion that day.

Venturi is not just the winner of the most important of all golf tournaments. He is an exemplification of the very essence of competitive sports: determination, courage and the will to succeed. His dogged fight, from the brink of oblivion to the very peak of his profession, will stand as an example to many for a long time to come.

JIM KUNZ

Buffalo

LIGHT ON LUCADELLO

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's recount of his ability to drop a "Claude Passou landscape" into a cultured conversation (*I Remember Lucadello*, Dec. 14) has given baseball buffs like myself new hope of social acceptance.

I think I have found situations in which to introduce Ramazzotti's *Povo Concerto* in B Minor and Lade's beautiful painting, *Lads on the Lake* (ex-Cubs Bob Ramazzotti and Doyle Lade). But where, Mr. Creamer, does one fit in Mary Rothblatt (an obscure pitcher for the White Sox in the late '40s)?

RON MICHAELSON

Park Ridge, Ill.

● Nothing to it. Everybody who is anybody has seen that rare Rothblatt at Munich's famed Alte Pinakothek.—E.D.

Sirs:

Yes, I remember Lucadello, although I've not thought of him for a long time, and I'm glad to be reminded.

In the last couple of years I, too, have successfully initiated several stimulating discussions in desperately intellectual cocktail company. We've debated, for example, the accomplishments of the Renaissance painter Sisto to student of Cuccinello) and the relative talents of the Russian novelists Novikov and Strineevich. We've also discussed in detail the poignant career of that now-forgotten British socialist whose brilliant political future was wrecked by his inability to avoid social blunders in proper society. This, of course, is Fabian Gaffle.

DOW M. DRUKER

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I remember Lucadello all right, and I only wish I didn't. But there he is, seized traumatically on the pulsing trypsin of what was once a romantic, cultural-type—if over-young—heart. The heart belonged to a young man who found himself one summer long ago, free of all the baseball stadiums and other uncouth concerns of the U.S., standing alone and hopeful outside a railroad station in, of all wonderful places, Venice. And what was he waiting for? A gondola to take him to a hotel. A gondola on a moonlit night in the city of the Doges when the ripples on the Grand Canal were etched in silver, and anything could happen to a sensitive sophomore with the right attitudes about romance. Did Mr. Creamer ever wait for a gondola to take him to the ball park on a night like that? And if he did, was there by chance somebody else waiting for a gondola—a bob-haired blonde who looked, in

that Venetian moonlight at least, like the Bartlett Aphrodite herself? And if there was, did she suggest slyly and without words that they might share the gondola? Well, if she did, Creamer would have been right in his element, because that's just what this blonde, who turned out to be not the Bartlett Aphrodite at all but a bob-haired boob from St. Louis, did to me. And do you know what she said as we snuggled down together in the stern sheets of that gondola with culture and beauty and romance slopping all around us? "Well, kudos," she said in the cultured tones of a Cookie Lavagetto, "what do you think of the *Brewers*' chances this year?"

Lucadello, phooey!

S. PETERS

New York City

POLAR BRAVERY

Sirs:

Your editorial on Alaskan polar-bear hunting by plane (SCORECARD, Dec. 14) reminded me of a TV tale I saw some time ago about the danger faced by four men plus, of course, the crew of a 100-foot boat, while hunting polar bear. The four who chartered the boat had rifles powerful enough to kill at a mile. At night they slept in warm bunks. When on deck they were bundled up. The boat cruised around until they spotted a bear swimming. They chased it onto a cake of ice. Now came the most dangerous part of all. The four were on the deck, at least six feet above the water, shooting from about 200 feet. The danger was that the bear might swim to the boat, climb up the side and kill the men with the rifles.

The net result was that these brave characters took this chance not once but four times, killing three grown bears and one cub. I certainly hope that something will be done to save the polar bear before more brave hunters murder them all on a cake of ice.

JOHN R. DEWSON

Prairie View, Ill.

Sirs:

Hunting and tracking from boats is fine in Norway during its season. In Alaska hunting and tracking from small aircraft is the only way. Your SCORECARD writers should undergo a polar bear hunt sometime, if they would be qualified to judge and write on the hunt. It is a challenge as well as dangerous.

WILLIAM R. COLLIER

Neosho, Mo.

TIME OUT

Sirs:

As a sports and science-fiction fan, I enjoyed Theodore Sturgeon's piece, *How to Forget Baseball* (Dec. 21), very much. How-

continued

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16TH HOLE continued

ever, I wonder if anyone has caught the disparity between the rules of Quot and the description of the play. The "rules" state that the Spot completes a circle each 15 seconds, or that each player has only 7½ seconds to score during one roll around the Track. But then we are told that during one such 7½-second period, Flono managed to wave to the crowd, blow a kiss, do a roundoff, two back handspings and a high back somersault, a dive and a roll, strut beside the Spot, play-act, walk away and still have part of his body in the Spot for five seconds!

This seems analogous to being told a quarterback has 30 seconds to get the ball in play and finding out that he also managed to describe the strengths and weaknesses of each defensive player, go over the whole game plan, walk over to converse with the coach, wave to his parents, blow a kiss to his girl friend and still get the ball in play.

HYROD B. F. WELLS HARMON JR.

Champaign, Ill.

PICTURE HORSE

Sirs:

I would like to add a few words to the item about Kelso and my paintings of him (SCORECARD, Dec. 21).

Kelso, in my estimation, is the greatest racehorse America has ever produced. No matter how many horses I portray on canvas, he will always be my sentimental favorite despite the fact that he may not be the ideal "picture horse."

RICHARD SHORE REEVES

Oldwick, N.J.

AD ASTROS PER ASPERA

Sirs:

I am writing this to defend the new name of the Houston Colt .45s—the Houston Astros—and to prove that "Astros" is not such a bad name.

After all, what is a Phillie? It could be the misbegotten designation of a young horse, or perhaps a type of sleek imitator.

And what about the Dodgers' Webster defines a dodger as one who evades or cheats. Who thought up that name, a New York Giant?

Perhaps the prize for worst choice goes to the other Los Angeles team, the Angels. Yea for the immortal spinto! Kansas City players look like grasshoppers in their uniforms. Wouldn't it be a pleasant surprise to see a baseball team take the field wearing wings and with balloons around their heads? The spectator would never see an argument between these players and the umpires!

The lack of good unused nicknames has given fits to owners of new clubs. The Houston owners were faced with the same problem, and I believe they deserve more praise than criticism for their selection.

Anyway, the name Knickerbockers stuck. Didn't it?

GARY VAN GELDER

Houston

CURLY REVISITED

Sirs:

My heartfelt thanks to SI at this holiday season. Because of your tender solicitude for the world of sports and things sporting, the curly-coated retriever has now made a small but concrete step back to deserved popularity in the U.S. The enclosed picture [below] will show what I mean. It is by way of announcing the birth of quadruplets, sired by my stud, Berry's Gem of Chilliwick ("Love Call for Curly," 1974 Hott, June 10, 1983). They are out of the beautiful black bitch, Burtoncurl Aphrodite, that SI helped me locate and obtain from England (1974 Hott 1, Oct. 7, 1983).

So far as I know, this is the only AKC-registered litter of curls to be whelped in North America in 1984. Judging by my correspondence with dog lovers and retriever fanciers, much of it dating from the time SI published my Chilli, it will probably not be the last.

DAVE GRUBB

Delaware, Ohio





"Ford rides quieter than Rolls-Royce." "Oh come now, old boy!"

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